THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOW that noisy subway turnstiles are about to be eliminated, the next problem is to harness the energy wasted in pushing them. We have long had that in mind. A small dy-

namo under each turnstile would pay for itself in no time. If the Interborough carries a million passengers a day, that means two million pushes on the turnstiles (one going in, one coming out). The horsepower thus developed you will have to figure out for yourself, but from the size of the dent in our stomach caused by turnstile-pushing, the horsepower should be tremendous. We don't know just what to suggest using the current for, but offhand we would suggest using it to electrocute cabdrivers, or it might be sold to some big power company and the money used to buy some petunia plants for the front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

WORDS like "mesa," "gulch," "butte," and "maverick" affect us just as deeply as they ever did, and presumably the Rocky Mountains still stand sentinel in the West and the prairies still burn with heat and gophers and rattlers and sagebrush. Nevertheless, it is obvious even to a fool like ourself that the West is on its last legs. Weren't we in Forty-sixth Street the other day, looking in the window of the Northern Pacific? The railroad company just now is advertising the charms of dude ranches, and there was a poster in the window showing a woman kissing a horse, with the caption: "She's an author—dude ranches are full of celebrities." So *that's* the lure of the West, eh? Go west, young man, and meet a celebrity. An actress in every mesa, a poet in every gulch. It's just a question of time before the West of Custer and Jesse James goes to pieces. That is, unless the horses take matters into their own hands and refuse to kiss lady authors.

THE ultimate ecstasy, really, is to make a pilgrimage to Peter Henderson's down in Cortlandt Street. It is somehow appropriate that a seed store—most hopeful of all stores—thrives between two "L"s, where nothing blooms but hope. Seeds are so unlikely—the long dull rows of seed drawers tended by hardy perennial salesmen. One enters the store an ag-

nostic, incapable of sublimity. Slowly the weight of names alone works a conversion, the faint rustle of the little packets gives a slight intimation of dormant fragrances, and presently one finds oneself padding around in marvellous bright gardens of the mind, through arbors of hornbeam, toward the sweet alyssum borders of country dream. The place so went to our head that we finally descended, completely drunk, to the basement and bought a fifteen-dollar lawnmower, which we intend to trundle up and down in the apartment on hot summer evenings for the strange nostalgic singing of its blades.

WHEN he heard about the National Arts Club prize for a book which would "reveal the soul of America," one of our dearest friends sat right down and got to work. He had a good plot, and seemed, when we left him, to be much interested in getting it down on paper. When, a day or two later, we saw him again, we were surprised to learn that he had given up the project. It seems that when he read about the

prize in the newspaper, he thought it said thirty thousand dollars; later he looked up the clipping and discovered it said three thousand dollars. True to the soul of America, he gave the thing up immediately.

ENTHUSIASTIC as we are by nature, and pleased at the smallest thing, we yet fail to be very much excited by the express highway up the West Side, which is partially done, we notice. The fact is, we're just motorist enough, just realist enough, to suspect that this highway will magnificently fail to fulfill our most crying needs. It will dump us into Riverside Drive, where we don't particularly want to be; and hence, like all other motorists' aids to date, it will fall short of the mark. Our mark at present is Westchester, and an express highway

will begin to look like an express highway to us when it eliminates the Borough of the Bronx and dumps us out at the Bronx River Parkway or at the Hutchinson River Parkway. Will the city fathers, the Automobile Chamber of Commerce, and the dean of Westchester County please copy? (The

Bronx *Home News* can copy, too, if it wants—we don't give a hoot.)

First Three Letters

A WOMAN patron stormed into a downtown drugstore in Madison Avenue the other day. "I've been trying for hours to telephone you, to get you to send up another bottle of my medicine, and you never answered," she complained. "I know I have one of these dial phones and I sometimes get it wrong, but I couldn't be wrong all the time. I tried just dozens of times and couldn't get anybody." The druggist was aggrieved, apologetic; but was Madam sure she had called the right number? "Why, of course I am," she replied. "I took it right from the bottle—EST. 1843."

This leads us to recall a happening of some years ago. A woman, driving into some Long Island town, asked one of several boys on the curb where she could find a native of the place, a Mr. Jenkins.

"Sure," said the youngster, "that's him over in front of McMick's, leaning against the wall."

"Where?" said the lady.

"In front of McMick's," reiterated the boy, pointing. The lady looked in the direction indicated, and there was Mr. Jenkins. Also the lady noticed, just beside where he was standing, this legend carved in the stone: "MCMIX."

Roebling's Web

AT night the high spidery strands of the Hudson River Bridge are lit up, so airplanes won't fly into them. Below, on the storm cables that hang down to reduce wind-sway, are lights for river traffic, to show clearance. The bridge hangs silent and still. Then in the morning the spinning commences again, and the yellow wheel that carries the steel thread starts its endless trips back and forth in the sky between Manhattan and Jersey, building strand by strand the four great cables that will eventually carry the load.

There's an elevator, now, that goes to the top of the Fort Washington tower of the bridge, and we went up the other morning, to the saddle. The saddle is the movable thing at the top of the tower on which the completed cables will rest. Six hundred feet below us was the river, into which the bridge seemed to dive like a giant roller coaster and rise again on the opposite shore, a mile away. In the bright sun, the two footbridges cast two dark, ropy shadows on the water. As we stood there, a little bit dazed, our guide pointed and we saw the spinning wheel approaching. Two workmen, in leather jackets and helmets against the wind, stood in the saddle waiting for it. As it passed, trailing its strand, the men laid the strand (thinner than a lead pencil) in the adjusting blocks alongside the hundreds of other threads that had already been spun. The blocks simply shape the strands into a round rope—about as big around as a fire hose. (Lesson: 434 strands make 1 rope, 61 ropes make 1 cable, 4 cables make 1 bridge.) And may we add that the strands are by Roebling?

For some unaccountable reason it was very exciting to stand there and watch the spinning wheel go by. The process seemed so slow but so terribly sure. The wheel makes about seven trips across the river in an hour. When it reaches the anchorage (and we watched this, too) it pauses for a moment, just long enough for a workman to remove the strand and pass it around

"No, Andrew won't sell that love seat. He says he's saving it for a den he's going to have some day."

the steel shoe that will later (when all strands are in place) be anchored into the foundation.

Although from the street there seem to be very few workmen building the bridge, when you get on the tower you discover that there are hundreds of them. A man stands every few feet along the way, adjusting the strands, clamping them into place, binding them together. The footbridges themselves are so big you could drive a mare across them, the mare willing.

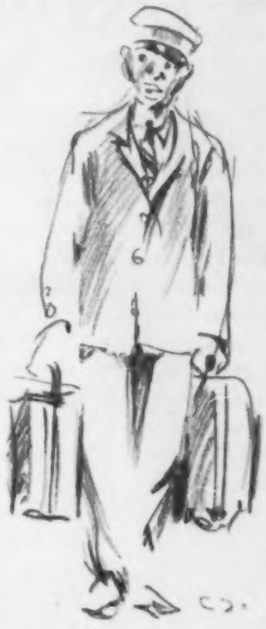
On windy days, with a breeze up or down the river, the work on the bridge is slowed up because the strands blow out of line and it takes longer to get them adjusted. Even when the job is all done there will be nothing particularly stationary about it—the saddle is on rollers and the rollers can move twenty-four inches back and forth on the tower. The impressive thing about the bridge in this stage, to a man standing at its top watching the little yellow wheel go by, is its calm inevitable progression. Below, on the riverbank, one can see the new reels of wire that have arrived on barges, each reel containing thirty miles of wire. Even as you watch, one of them is swung into place by a crane, and is joined to the long thread that will end next August, when the web is done.

Fine Feathers

BYRD, returning a rear admiral, will, as the rotogravures have plainly shown, be properly uniformed when he sets foot on American soil—has been, in fact, ever since he got as far back as New Zealand. Last December 24, Captain Railey, the explorer's personal representative here, got a message from two members of the party at Little America asking him to buy, on their behalf, a new admiral's hat for their leader and enough gold braid to convert the commander's uniform in which he left into an admiral's. They asked that it be sent to New Zealand. Captain Railey thought the matter over, decided the gold braid might look inelegant, and ordered Brooks Brothers to make up two entire new uniforms, one blue, one duck. These were dispatched in due season, we are told. Now they are on their way home.

Parking Place

NOTABLE NEW INDUSTRY: Mr. Carl Geiger, a shoemaker at 309 East Ninth Street, runs a baby-carriage garage on the side. The idea, Mr. Geiger says, just came to him one morning while shaving. He had some extra room in his shop; it occurred to him that people were always complaining about how baby-carriages clutter up the apartment, and so he started in. He charges so much a month—not much—and he has twenty or thirty regular customers around the neighborhood who leave the carriages there between times. Besides these, he caters to a number of transients, mostly ladies who shop nearby. The trouble with these is that they usually want to leave the baby too, and Mr. Geiger is not so keen about that. His objections, though, are usually overruled, and almost any day he can be seen, pounding at his last, surrounded by half a dozen or so infants, gurgling, prattling, or crying.



Rapid Transit

WE have learned from one of our sister-in-law's aunts of her delight with a gay custom behind the scenes at Macy's. On the extensive tenth floor, which harbors the unmarked incoming goods, boys carry invoice forms from the receiving end to the marking end in a minimum of time by the engaging expedient of going on roller skates.

Stammerers' Club

THE Kingsley Club met one night last week in a small room in the Hotel Governor Clinton. Twenty-five people were there. Mostly they were men. That is because more men than women stammer. The Kingsley Club is made up entirely of those who stammer. Someone turned off the droning radio and Mr. J. Stanley Smith, a lawyer from Philadelphia, got up and made a long, fluent speech. He is the founder of the two Kingsley Clubs—one in Philadelphia and one here. For thirty years he stammered, and then conquered it. He doesn't make any slips now, even on such a word as "statistics." After he sat down fifteen other persons spoke. New members of the club were permitted to speak only a sentence or two. Members of three or four years' standing talked smoothly for five minutes or so, boldly tackling such words as "sympathetically" and "portentously" without lapsing. It was all in the nature of evidence that Mr. Smith is right in his contention that stammering is the result of a mental inhibition, whose chief component is dread of ridicule. Ten years ago Smith decided that if he could get a group of stammerers together and persuade them to make little talks they would be cured. The plan has worked. Starting with five members in 1921, the Philadelphia Kingsley Club now has more than a hundred. The process of conquering the defect is slow—sometimes takes years—but has been proved successful in scores of cases. The Philadelphia club holds a big banquet in a hotel every year and invites judges, college presidents, etc., to attend. The club members address these fearsome outsiders without flinching, and rarely falter. Last year ten members of the New York club, which is seven years old, attended the Philadelphia banquet, and spoke. The club here also holds an annual banquet too, but on a smaller scale.

Mr. Smith says it is harder to get New York stutterers together than Philadelphians. He estimates there are hundreds of thousands in this city, and more than a million in the country. Quite a number are war veterans—shock often causes stammering. That's the main reason more boys stutter than girls. The excitement and tension of their games is greater. Another reason is that girls learn to talk at an earlier age, Mr. Smith says, and are generally better and more natural talkers during the formative period than boys. He brought this out in an article he wrote for the London *Times* last year in conjunction with one Lionel Logue, an English specialist in speech defects. Mr. Logue helped the Duke of York conquer his stammering a year or so ago. There have been, and are, some famous stammerers. The club takes its name from one of them—the late Charles Kingsley, who wrote "West-

ward Ho!" An impassioned speaker, he was always handicapped by difficulty in speech, but went right on making speeches anyway, thus serving as a fine example to fellow-stammerers.

There are all kinds of stammerers, of course. You can hear the marvellous progress they make at the meetings of the Kingsley Club, which are held three times a week, in the Christ Church building. One of the most stubborn forms is inability to say anything at all. You probably have friends who are that way, but you don't know it. Such people, silent and embarrassed at a gathering, are put down as tongue-tied or dull. Mr. Smith believes that any case will yield to the "Smith Plan" —talking to a gathering of stammerers. He doesn't believe certain psychoanalysts who say analysis is sometimes the only cure. Smith says he has never met a case he couldn't improve and eventually cure, if the person didn't give up.

The dial phone is a great boon to stammerers, because talking to an operator is the worst ordeal a person who stutters has to go through. Such a person almost always gives the number first, and then the exchange. Numbers are comparatively easy, but most New York exchange names are stumbling blocks. Chickering is the worst.

Bird Notes

SOMEHOW or other a pigeon got into the Chrysler Building the other day, on the ground floor. One of the elevator boys, in an imaginative mood, caught it, carried it to the seventy-fifth floor, took it out on the roof, and released it. The pigeon took one look down and refused to leave the roof, except for small practice flights. After a lot of sparring around, the elevator boy managed to get hold of it again, took it down to the twenty-fifth floor, and the bird blithely sailed away.

Which reminds us that Lee Crandall, at the Bronx Zoo, told us a while ago about a taxi-driver who showed up at the bird house one cold winter day carrying a small starling cupped in the palm of one hand. He had found it, starving and too weak to move, in the middle of Broadway. He wanted to know what to do about it. The keeper prescribed a suitable diet, the driver listened carefully, making notes, and then climbed into his cab and drove off again, the starling in one hand, the steering wheel in the other.

Efficiency

SOMETIMES the government will astound you with its acuteness and general all-round efficiency. Tune down the radio and we'll tell you about Tom Curran, chef—works nights in a restaurant in 149th Street. He was across with the Eighty-second Division during the war and picked up five or six pieces of shrapnel in the fighting around Soissons. They got him out of the hospital in time to get in on the last of the Argonne fighting. The doctors told him, when he left the hospital, that they had got out all the pieces of shrapnel except one. This had gone under his right shoulder blade, they said, and, as it didn't seem to be doing any harm, they had decided to leave it in and allow it to work its way down his arm to a place where it could be got at readily. They said they were making a note of it and would let him know when they wanted to see him again.

By the time Tom had celebrated the armistice, returned to the States, and got a job, he had forgotten all about the shrapnel. About four years afterward, rubbing his arm below the shoulder one day, he felt something hard that didn't seem to be bone. After speculation, he recalled what the doctors had told him. Well, if they were that smart, Tom decided, he would depend on them to let him know when the lump ought to be extracted. Seven more years and a fraction passed. During that time the fragment worked gradually down to a location near the surface of Tom's right forearm. It rounded the elbow in 1927, arousing mild interest on Tom's part, but never did his faith in the government waver. Now, we are happy to say, that faith has been thoroughly vindicated. Tom has just received a letter from the government, advising him that he had better report at a hospital and have the shrapnel removed.

History

A LOCAL historian, with no experience whatever in national politics, stopped us in a restaurant last Saturday evening and said that, pish!, he had worked out a history of the United States in ten words: "Washington, Lincoln, Volstead, up one flight and ask for Tony."

Champion

YOU may not have known, but one of the champion life-insurance salesmen lives right here in New York. His name is Elmer G. Leterman, offices in the State Theatre Building in Longacre Square—write you a policy any time you want one. At that, he only started seven years ago. Before that, he was a woollens salesman, doing just so-so; before that, he was a clerk in a dry-goods store, earning twelve dollars a week. Last year, he did a three-million-dollar business in life insurance, not to mention the other kinds—property, fire, industrial, etc. —which don't count for the championship.

One reason for his record is that most of his customers are movie people, who can hardly think in terms of less than a million. Joseph Schenck, for example, is insured for five million; Jesse Lasky, Sam Katz, Nicholas Schenck, each for more than a million. Movie stars? He insured Al Jolson for a million. Fannie Brice, half a million. John Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Ronald Colman, Lupe Velez, Paul Whiteman, Tom Mix—in each case, if not for a million, at least for half a million. You can see how it all mounts up.

For that matter, he insures not only stars, but parts of stars—Mistinguett's legs, Rudolph Friml's hands, and so on. Ben Turpin gets a hundred thousand dollars if his eyes ever uncross themselves. Harry Rosenthal, the pianist in "June Moon," has just insured his hands for four hundred thou-

sand, with an accident clause by which he gets paid one hundred and twenty dollars a day during temporary injuries. Many of the more outlandish policies have to be written through Lloyd's, the English insurance company which is willing to gamble on anything. One thing American firms balk at is what they call the "moral hazard," involving men who have married too often, or ladies about whom the insurance companies have apparently heard rumors. Then Leterman finds himself in a peculiarly paradoxical situation for an insurance agent: his problem is not to persuade the client to take out a policy, but to induce the insurance company to accept it.

He is a short, plump, genial fellow; dresses very nattily, looks a little like an actor. He says most of his success is due to luck, and having friends. At any rate, both these factors combined very handily when he was starting out in the insurance business. His old friend A. E. Lefcourt, the builder, got up a big dinner party and then, just as a surprise, arranged to have everyone present take out a policy. The total subscribed came to one million two hundred thousand dollars, as much, probably, as many an insurance agent writes in months. For years he and Lefcourt have breakfasted together, at nine o'clock every morning, at Schrafft's in Broadway near Thirty-ninth Street. He loves Broadway, the stage; he goes about a lot. In fact, that's how he gets most of his business: meeting people at first nights, prize-fights, parties, at Atlantic City, riding in the Park.

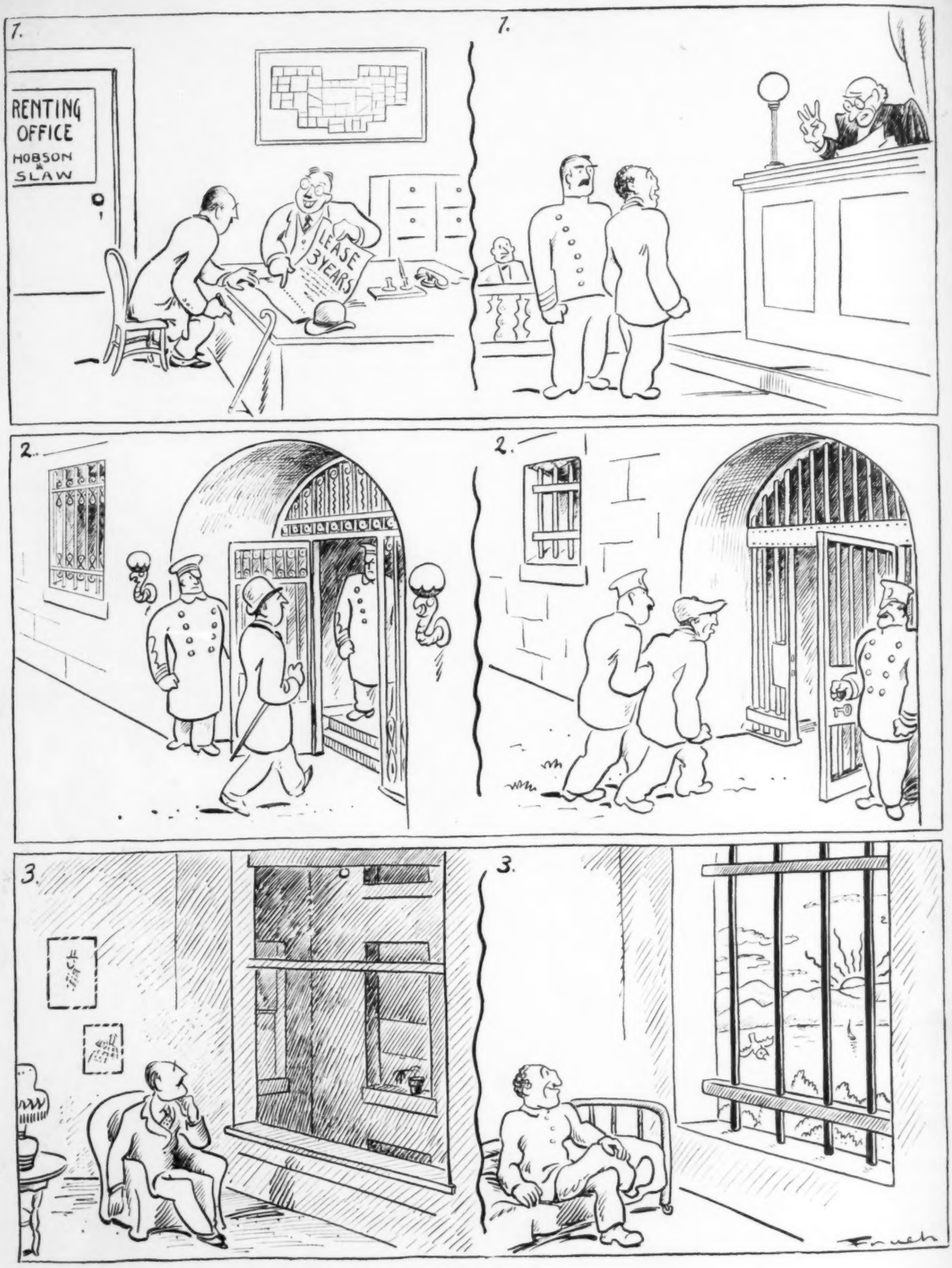
He rides daily, and because the Park police impress him as a fine body of men, he has rewarded them, after his fashion—gave each man a thousand-dollar policy, paid-up.

No Sale

A GENTLEMAN who went a-Maying down Third Avenue one afternoon, swinging his cane and feeling glad, presently came to a small tobacco shop whose window held a display of cigarettes. Entering the place, he was confronted by a tawdry, dusty glass counter, and little else. Nobody seemed to be there, so he turned to go, when a little door opened and a man stuck his head out. "I—I would like a pack of Chesterfields," said the visitor. "Oh," said the other, surprised-like, "this is just a speakeasy."

—THE NEW YORKERS

"But you can't just ignore Humanism."



LIBERTY

BARGE LIFE ON A ROOT CANAL

IT is a Monday afternoon, in late spring. The monotone of life fills me with a pleasant and inaudible singing as I walk up the Avenue. Physically I buzz with a low healthy fever, like a cricket. I am on the way to my dentist's, treading the same path that I have followed so many Monday afternoons since that first snowfall.

Without thinking where I am going, or why, I turn in at the door, enter the elevator, and announce the floor.

"Five."

There is a small mirror in one corner of the elevator. During the ascent I remove my hat, face myself in the mirror. My tie is not quite right; I make it right. A lock of hair is matted down too tight; I loosen it with a poke of my finger. At the fifth floor the elevator stops, the gate opens, and I get out.

The girl who opens the door of the reception-room is short and fair-haired. She speaks with a slightly foreign inflection.

"Good afternoon."

"How do you do?" I reply. Our greeting has always been that, since the beginning. Neither of us would think of varying it. Each feels the serenity of a completely ritualistic experience. To change would be to spoil something.

I am on the davenport in the reception-room, a copy of *Life* in my lap. I turn the pages. From the next room, where the dentist is, come occasional sounds of voices. On the hat-tree in the corner hangs the hat of the patient who is inside, in the dentist's chair. Subconsciously I realize that I don't know what the man who owns the hat looks like. A few moments later he comes through the door, his appointment over with. It is true, I did not know what he looked like. But I am not surprised by his looks. He is just a man, who takes his hat and leaves the place.

THERE is a wait of one minute. I close my copy of *Life*. The door into the office opens again, the girl appears.

"All right now."

She holds the door for me as I go through. Ahead of me is the empty chair, with its curious trappings—pipes, pulleys, buttons. I saunter over to the chair and drop down into it as idly as I would sit down in an easy chair at home. No one is in sight. I know that the girl has followed me into the room, but I do not look around. I cross my right leg over my left, and let my head slip back into the head-rest. Just as this is completed, the dentist appears, at my right.

"How are you?" he says.

"I'm fine," I reply.

That greeting, too, has been the same, all these Monday afternoons since the beginning of our remarkable acquaintanceship. As we exchange the greeting, a hand goes around my neck from behind, and the girl, whom I do not see, passes a small bib under my chin and ties it. I open my mouth. The dentist inserts two rolls of wadding to hold my tongue out of the way, lights a small gas jet, passes an instrument over the flame, and skillfully removes a temporary filling from a certain lower tooth, exposing the root canal. Then follow ten minutes during which the dentist treats the tooth, picking up instruments, laying them down. To this I pay not the slightest attention, having fallen into a reverie induced by keeping my mouth open. There is no pain, no sensation of any kind, beyond a dull ache of the jaws at their unnatural position, and a slight flow of saliva into my windpipe. Ten minutes being up, the dentist refills the tooth quickly and skillfully, removes the wadding from my mouth, a hand reaches around, undoes the bib, and I arise from the chair, as refreshed as though I had had a sound nap.

"Next Monday at three," he says.

"Yes. Goodbye, Doctor." And I am gone.

SOMETIMES I wonder how it all started, how I fell into this way of life. These Monday afternoons—there must have been a beginning, when we went into a discussion of my teeth and decided on a tooth to work with. There must have been a first visit, when we exchanged more than a greeting. It is all so long ago I have forgotten. From week to week nothing changes—neither my tooth, nor my experience, nor my attitude. Only has there been a gradual reinforcement of my routine. Between my dentist and me there has sprung up a deep understanding, in which mere words would be superfluous. Not for anything in the world would I inquire about my tooth; and presumably he has no intention of volunteering any information about it. If either of us were to open the subject, it would break the charming spell under which we both are now held.

As far as I know they will go on indefinitely, these Mondays. I am perfectly content to have it so. As I say, there is no pain to speak of, no inconvenience, rather a calm feeling of well-being. The periodicity of the appointments gives my life a continuity, almost a meaning; and the total expense is not great—the whole thing comes to only sixty-five dollars a month. I have got so I look forward to Monday as the one day in the week when my life is not quite purposeless. If ever we should break off, my dentist and I, or if ever the tooth should, through constant manipulation, be worn down so thin as to be of no further use for our purposes, I would feel strangely lost. Whatever happens, however, nobody nor anything can take from us the happiness we have known during this period. I suppose times must change eventually, but no matter what comes, I shall always look back on these days, in this spring of 1930, as among the happiest of my life; I shall always regard Dr. B— with a feeling not unlike tenderness, a loyalty not untinged with affection. —E. B. W.

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POETS MUST EXPOUND

The hard, hard stars were in the skies;
  You mentioned them to me:
You said, "They're cold as dragons'
    eyes.
  Look for yourself, and see."

You have a vain, persuasive flair
  Which decks the obvious
With Proclamations. . . . Everywhere
  You make pretentious fuss.

Yet here the stars shine pleasantly,
  Familiar and serene;
I do not need a simile
  To fit this country scene.

—PATIENCE EDEN

SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN

A NEW menace today confronts a considerable portion of our population—the writers of detective fiction. I don't mean they are the menace, at least not for the purposes of this article: I mean they are the considerable portion of the population. The menace is the ever-present problem of the Superfluous Woman, the increasing difficulty of knowing what to do with the heroine of the first books when they come to write sequels. But I see you don't quite follow me, so I will take a case in point.

DAVID K. BLIGHT writes a detective novel—"The Miami Murder Mystery" (*Page & Galley*, $2). It is on the usual lines. That is to say, in Chapter I we meet a Corpse; in Chapter II a local Detective, who might also be a Corpse for all the good he does; in Chapter III a Brilliant Young Man (either a lawyer, author, ex-officer, or of any other profession as long as it's not that of Detective) who happens to be taking a holiday at Miami, where the Corpse first ceases to draw breath; in Chapter IV a Fair Young Thing who is inextricably mixed up in everything that's happened, particularly the Corpse; and in Chapter V a round dozen of Assorted Clues; and so on. By the end of Chapter XXIV the Brilliant Young Man, whom I will call Christopher, after a friend of mine, has solved everything, and in Chapter XXV he marries the girl, whom I will call Marjorie, after no one in particular and without prejudice, and they pass, happily, off the stage.

This book then, "The Miami Murder Mystery," according to stable information on the inside of the jacket, and repeated later by the reviewer of the *Scootsville Express & Warm Springs News*, "at once places its author in the front rank of present-day novelists," and in due course the publishers ask David K. Blight to write another, suggesting that as the character Christopher, the B. Y. M., has proved so popular with the public, he should bring him in again, according to the accepted canons of commercial detective fiction.

So Blight achieves "The Palm Beach Murder Mystery," in which Christopher (his young wife having gone on a visit to her mother) happens to be on holiday at Palm Beach just at the time another corpse comes to light. But on this occasion, for obvious reasons,

"But the painter insists on mauve, dear, and his mind is very inelastic."

there is no Fair Young Thing, and the publishers write to say they must have a girl in it. Or, as they prefer to put it, "some kind of heart-interest appears to us essential in a story of this nature." They are, of course, quite right.

It is this request of the publishers which brings David K. Blight at once face to face with the problem of the Superfluous Woman. Now that Marjorie is Christopher's wife she has ceased to have "heart-interest;" nor can Christopher get off with another Fair Young Thing without damaging the proprieties, and, more important, the sales (except, of course, in Boston).

What Blight probably does is either to bring Marjorie along to Palm Beach for a sort of second honeymoon, and let her be abducted now and then by the ultimately disclosed murderer, or else to make Christopher stay at Palm Beach with a bachelor friend, for whom another Fair Young Thing is provided. But this will leave him in just as much of a hole when he comes to write "The Albany Murder Mystery," and if he is not darn careful he will find himself some years later starting off "The Atlantic City, N. J., Murder Mystery" with a positive battalion of young sleuths and wives and but one shy bachelor in the lot.

VARIOUS other solutions have occurred to me which the far-sighted novelist may adopt.

(1) Refer casually in Chapter I of the second book to the fact that Christopher has come to Palm Beach "to forget the great tragedy of his life—his young wife's death after only a month of happiness." Before Chapter XXV he will have another one—indistinguishable from the first except by name, as in all good detective fiction. Unfortunately this will lead to your finding him years later at Atlantic City, New Jersey, trying to forget the death of his twelfth young wife, and your readers will be inclined to lose faith in his stability of purpose.

(2) Let him divorce her in Chapter I of each book because he thinks she is responsible for the Corpse, and only discover her innocence and remarry her in Chapter XXV. But again, when he gets to the Atlantic City, New Jersey, stage your readers will be thinking there must be something in his theory after all, and that he is lucky to have escaped with his own life all these years and had better stay divorced.

(3) Let him have a red-hot love affair with each new Young Thing and then "go forever out of her life" in the last chapter because he has just remembered he has got a wife already.

(4) Let him be the Palm Beach murderer himself and be hanged for it. Then you can start again with him as, of course, Henry or Peter, for "The Albany Murder Mystery." But be careful this time not to fall into the same error by definitely marrying him to Sybil (ex-Marjorie). Then he can have had a misunderstanding at the beginning of "The Boston Murder Mystery" and the subsequent ones and court her over again, always remembering when it comes to the point that after all he first met her at Albany, and it is not advisable to marry Fair Young Things you meet at Albany.

(5) Let him be a Mormon by religion, but be careful to make this clear in the early chapters, otherwise Mr. Sumner will start taking an interest in your work.

BUT none of these, I fear, is really satisfactory. If anyone knows of a better solution to the problem, I shall be glad to hear of it.

—ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

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This year the girl was operated on by Dr. F. L. Fort, orthopedic surgeon of Jacksonville, and today is as God intended her to be, a beautiful, brilliant young woman living at Lakeland.—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Independent.*

Gentlemen, I give you Lakeland—God's country!

OUR PET DEPARTMENT

Q. I have three Scotch terriers which take things out of closets and down from shelves, etc., and I don't seem to be making any headway against them. My veterinarian advised me to gather together all the wreckage they make, and set them down in the midst of it, and say "ba-ad Scotties!" This, however, merely seems to give them a kind of pleasure tinged with mild bewilderment. If I spank one, the other two jump me—playfully, but they jump me. They have no sense of guilt or regret.

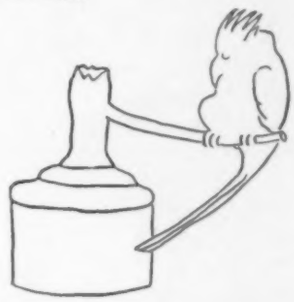
MRS. O. S. PROCTOR

A. To begin with I question the advisability of having three Scotch terriers. They are bound to get you down. However, it seems to me that you are needlessly complicating your own problem. The Scotties probably think that you are trying, in a confused sort of way, to enter into the spirit of their play. Their inability to comprehend what you are trying to get at will in the end make them fretful and melancholy, and you and the dogs will begin to drift farther and farther apart. I'd deal with each terrier, and each object, separately, beginning with the telephone, the disconnection of which must inconvenience you sorely.

Q. My wife found this owl in the attic among a lot of ormolu clocks and old crystal chandeliers. We can't tell whether it's stuffed or only dead. It is sitting on a strange and almost indescribable sort of iron dingbat.

MR. MOLLEFF

A. What your wife found is a museum piece—a stuffed cockatoo. It looks to me like a rather botchy example of taxidermy. This is the first stuffed bird I have ever seen with its eyes shut, but whoever had it stuffed probably wanted it stuffed that way. I couldn't say what the thing it is sitting on is supposed to represent. It looks broken.



This department, devoted to the interests of pets and their owners, will appear in this space, or in some space a whole lot like this, from time to time. Physical ailments and spiritual problems of birds and animals will be dealt with frankly, but at no great length.

—JAMES THURBER

EVEN BEAUTY~

Even beauty, sharp and fine,
Lovely curve and noble line,
Even beauty such as yours,
Clear as marble that endures
Time and change, may seem
at last
Trivial as a plaster cast.
Can I prize it, thinking how
Hidden by that gracious brow
Coquetry and casual lust
Trampled honor into dust?
Friendship was no sword of fire
Hindering you from your desire.
Was it vanity at first
Sipping love? Or tragic thirst
Which the body and the mind
In dark necessity combined?
Forgive the unforgiving word
If friendship was a two-edged
sword
Wounding you again, again,
Till you turned from it in pain,
No light wanton but a human
Caught by love . . . a ruthless
woman.
Which you were I cannot know,
So in alien beauty go,
Uncompanioned by my love,
Stranger I know nothing of.

—ANGELA CYPHER

•

"LET US JUMP"

A FEW days ago I saw an item in one of the newspapers announcing that the minister of a New York church was to give a three-day air affair at a Flushing airport for the benefit of his church and that on Sunday five lady members of the choir would jump from airplanes from a height of five thousand feet.

The item did not say whether the choir ladies had volunteered to jump or had been picked by the congregation that has been hearing them sing, but I am now more than ever satisfied that I chose literature as a vocation and not choir-singing. So far the editors have not insisted that their authors jump five thousand feet; now and then one says "Butler, if this is the best you can do you had better go and jump off Brooklyn Bridge," but that is only one hundred and thirty-three feet high.

While this business of having the choir jump out of airplanes is probably a step in the right direction, I am afraid it is going to make it harder than ever to get good choirs together. This jump of five thousand feet is not much; it was probably figured that five thousand feet would be just right to let the girls sing the first and third verses, omitting the second, and end with a sustained "Ah-men" as they bumped, but when the contralto is asked to sing that long anthem and has to go up four miles, there is going to be trouble. There may not be much complaint from the singers who are asked to sing on the way down from an airplane but when the organist is asked to jump from five thousand feet and bring the pipe-organ with him you are going to hear a howl from him.

The competition between churches when parachute-jumping becomes firmly established will probably lead to enormous salaries for some of the fancy sing-jumpers, and we will read things like "At the morning service Miss Eleanora Cammick, coloratura soprano and holder of the 27,000-foot record, will sing the anthem and try for the new altitude of 30,000 feet," and "Next Sunday morning Mr. Enrico Maggiore, tenor, will leap from an airplane during the offertory, using an ordinary $3.75 umbrella as a parachute," and there will be great excitement when it is announced that Babe Bunce, the only baritone to loop the loop with a parachute, has been signed for two years by St. Petherick's at eighty-five thousand dollars per year.

". . . and then, sir, fer a couple o' years we lived in Ozone Park, to be near her friends."

I THINK an interesting variation could be had by letting the choir and the congregation remain on the ground and sending the minister up to jump. A somewhat windy day should be chosen, with shifting and variable winds, and the choir and congregation should be lined up. When the minister jumps, the organist should fire a pistol and everyone should run as fast as possible so as not to be late for the sermon, which the minister would begin as soon as he reached the ground. If the wind was shifty enough there would be quite a lot of excitement as the choir and congregation ran one way and another, trying to be at the spot where the sermon would begin. To add to the interest, a blue card might be given to those who managed to be on the spot when the sermon began. For ten blue cards thus won a red one would be given, and for ten red cards the holder would be given a yellow card. When anyone had thus won ten yellow cards, he would exchange them for a blue one and begin

all over again, if nothing had happened to the minister.

I am not insisting that the blue cards be given first. If desired by a majority it would be all right to begin with—let us say—a red card. Whoever was on hand when the sermon began would then receive a red card, and when he had ten red cards he could exchange them for one yellow. Then when he had ten yellow cards he could exchange the ten yellows for a blue card, and when he had thus secured ten blue cards he could exchange them for a red card—and so begin again. Or the cards could be green, purple, and pink. It does not matter much what color the cards are; the main thing is to keep the choir on the ground and let the minister who wants parachute-jumping do the parachute-jumping himself.

—Ellis Parker Butler

"Good night, Mrs. Parker. It's been perfectly charming."

PROFILES

PERFUME AND POLITICS

François Coty

FRANÇOIS COTY, professional perfumer, politician, journalist, idealist, and millionaire, is a gentleman of mystery. Regiments of employees in uniform white smocks, all uniformly smelling sweetly, gather at his parent scent factory on the banks of the Seine near the Bois de Boulogne; hundreds more, dressed and smelling alike, troop to his newer filial establishment near the banks of the Hudson in western Manhattan. Hundreds of pressmen coöperate on the morning and evening editions of his new proletarian *Ami du Peuple* in the Rue de Bassano; a few hundred fewer at the Rond-Point work over old *Figaro*, which, being destined for aristocrats, takes less labor. Of these thousands of French and American citizens who owe him their livelihood, few except those at the top of the tree have ever laid eyes on him. Those who have never tell what they have seen. He gives no interviews, they give no information.

In Paris, where he lives, little that is precise is known about him even when he says it himself. He says that he is related to Napoleon Bonaparte; it is known that his real name is Spoturno, that Coty is a *nom de plume* he signs to perfumes, as poets, with modesty, might sign their young verse. It is known that he recently bought the hunting pavilion of Luciennes near St. Germain-en-Laye, once the property of Madame duBarry; that he is building an enormous modern pile placed like a restaurant on a high road in the Bois and affording from its bedrooms a free sight of the horse-racing at Longchamp, in which he is not interested; and that he owns a mansion in the Avenue Raphael which he uses as a postal address. It is known, furthermore, that he does not, and likely will not, reside in any of these. For Coty, as a man with views, takes his new Fascism and his more antique imperial descent both separately and seriously; in political life what he most fears is modern Bolshevism; in private life, old-fashioned assassination. He lives quietly in a hotel in the Champs-Élysées. He is not seen in public places, he dislikes congregations of all sorts. Though momentarily in favor of France's paying her war debt, when the American Debt Commission recently wished to descend upon his hotel, he threatened to pack up and leave rather than be surrounded by a crowd, even of industrial experts. Personal contact with the masses, so necessary to a man so determined to stamp out Communism, he establishes via his comforting curly-haired profile and his evangelist's message pasted on the boulevard billboards. Like a typographical vision, Coty appears to his followers only sidewise and in print. With that clannishness that marks the French *nouveaux riches*, the few friends to whom he appears in the flesh brag freely of the meetings but guardedly refrain from quoting what, if anything, might have been said. For Coty is powerful, hot-tempered, a watchful dreamer, creative, secretive, a man described as apt to make or break events with a "yes" or a "no," a man known to be red-haired and a Corsican. In consequence a vast, inexact, and fairly unfriendly legend hangs over him like a smoke screen which his enemies, among them the five greatest newspapers in Paris, have belched out to asphyxiate him, and in which, with superb psychology, he comfortably hides.

HE was born in Ajaccio, Corsica, and in stature is one of those important little men in whom France has specialized since the rise of his relative, Napoleon. Two natural endowments are necessary to a fine perfumer —good taste and an olfactory nerve suited to segregating not only kinds of odors but their qualities. Coty's gift for his career was an olfactory nerve, marvellously talented and acute. Its judgment, incidentally, was once unquestioningly accepted by a rival who was bringing suit. Though he began by exporting essences from the flower fields of Grasse on the Riviera, and can still be recalled later peddling his perfumes to the barbers of Paris, it was by way of his bottles that he really broke into the big perfume business of Europe. For his was the merchandising genius that perceived perfume as something in a lovely bottle, rather than as merely something lovely in a bottle. Because of its Midi gardens and Bourbon courts, France had for generations made the world's perfume, but Coty changed its guise and its psychology. Viewed by the older houses as an upstart in the business, he revolutionized it and them by presenting scent in modern dress and as a luxury necessary to everybody. (It had hitherto been presented, with conservative lack of appeal, only to people who could afford it.) Coty was the first to have bottles designed by the great ceramist, Lalique; first to utilize the new decorative trend toward color, metal, lines; the first, in a word, to make perfume appeal to the eye as well as the nose. Presenting it as a symbol of luxury, he shrewdly sent it to America, where it was clamored for as a sign of class by women of every class. His also was the first effort to aestheticize the humble talc in his famous orange-and-white L'Origan box which, along with the Standard Oil can, may still be found in remote outposts the world over—pathetic signs of advancing civilization. His policy won eight million Frenchwomen alone to use his powder at the rate of sixteen million boxes a year, and changed the face of the cosmetic business.

THOUGH ranking with Citroën as the outstanding Horatio Alger hero of modern selfmade French financiers, Coty has known downs as well as ups in the twenty-five stormy years of his career. What could be bankruptcy for other men, however, he manages as a success, for he is a great organizer in whom great organizations believe.

His Rose Jacqueminot scent, a floral base perfume, was his first huge success; L'Origan, an animal odor,

was the second and, in conjunction with Chypre, constitutes three-quarters of his sales today. In volume Coty is not the largest producer in Paris, but though his output is less than one or two others, he is better known. Four and a half million bottles of his Paris-made perfumes are annually sold in all of the countries of the world except Rumania, the British Isles, and the United States. Branch establishments, separately incorporated, are maintained in these three, and make and sell their own from materials supplied to them by the Parisian parent house. Racial female taste furnishes quaint statistics; for instance, American women like middling-passionate fantasy odors and no posy smells, whereas the chillier, land-loving British dames require only the chastest invented odors and pure garden bouquets. Blunt amber and heliotrope, most passionate of beast and blossom odors, intoxicate all the Spanish-speaking señoritas. Amber and rose in their rarest forms, considered by perfumers to be the peak of their art, please the French.

Manufacturing modern perfumes is a complicated, expensive, far-reaching job. As contribution to a bottle of scent they never see, foreign fishermen stroll oceans with a weather eye open for ambergris, that odd, floating bilious attack of the sperm whale; Chinese merchants wrangle in Tonkin over the spoils of the Tibetan musk ox; hunters trap the male civet. These three beasts form the main trio necessary to the making of most fine perfumes today, for they furnish the fatty fixatives which prevent the perfume itself from evaporating. Then alcohol must be added to the fixatives to preserve them from decay, and doubtless something must be done to the alcohol to preserve it from being drunk. In any case, Coty's chemists, who are highly paid and sworn to secrecy, take at least a year to formulate a new odor, whose degree of perfection even then must be variable, since good perfume, like good wine, depends on the flavor of the year's crop. In Coty's New York warehouse are priceless bottles of flower essence of vintage seasons, being allowed to ripen as herbs ripen in the famous Chartreuse liqueur, and being rolled on their cribs as champagne is rolled to insure its primary purifying.

NO one knows exactly the relation between Coty and his old associate, B. Levy, the head of the New York establishment. In Paris there was a rumor that Coty had sold his business here for an enormous sum, but this was denied. The staff here still refers to M. Coty, on the rare oc-

"Why take it so hard—there's lots of other girls in the world, aren't there?"
"I know, but what am I going to do tonight?"

casions when he comes to New York, as hierarchal head of the house. It cannot be decided whether it was his or Levy's shrewd eye which shrewdly saw the desirability of avoiding the high tariff on bottled perfumes by importing raw essences, assembling them according to the French formula in New York, and thus endearing themselves to the American perfume-buying public by prices lower than some of their foreign competitors could stoop to. More than half the New York employees are, like the establishment's essential oils, also imported from France, including the half-dozen "smellers" whose delicate, important duty would correspond to that of tasters in a Chinese tea house.

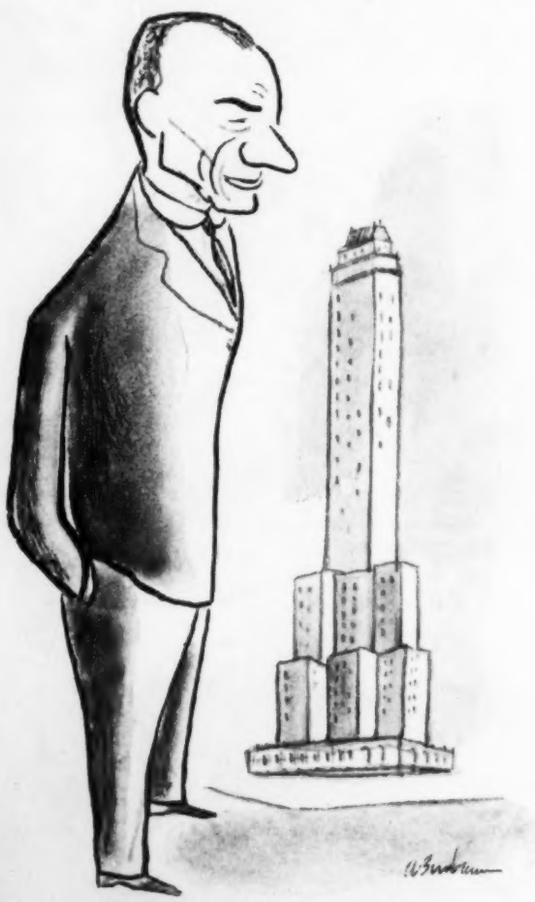
Until recently, like all the other perfume manufacturers, Coty bought most of his floral essences near the vast flower fields of Grasse on the Riviera, where common attar of roses could cost one hundred and twenty dollars a pound. Three years ago the Coty interests started to develop their own gardens in France and Italy, concentrating on raising the two flowers most constantly used and most expensive—orange blossoms and jasmine. Jasmine oil can fetch as high as eight hundred dollars a pound in the open market.

The flower essence and animal organs once obtained, Old Mother Nature is dismissed by him; from then on everything is made by Coty for himself, and alone. His organizations not only blend his perfumes, make his soaps, creams, etc., at the laboratories at Suresnes, but on the Île de Puteaux make all metal gadgetry such as powder and rouge cases, capsules, and other odds and ends which include nickelling, gilding, and printing. At Neuilly he manufactures his own boxes of leather and paper, and at Pantin and at Lilas cuts the Baccarat crystal for his grander bottles and runs six furnaces for molding his commoner phials of glass. When Coty can find a moment off from all these details, he occasionally founds his own banks for his own purposes, his energy interlocking money and industries in a fury of domineering organization and brilliant economic efficiency rarely seen in France. What Coty does not make for himself, he subsidizes others to make for him—atomizers or other odd distractions for the toilet table. It is part of Coty's financial genius that he will pay no tribute; everything that touches upon the exploitation of his properties he finally gathers, willing or unwilling, into his own hands. Because of his vague connection with Napoleon, Coty, more specifically than most triumphant industrialists, probably sees himself as a Little Conqueror indeed.

IT was doubtless this psychology, coupled with his Messiah-instinct for leading his fellow-men, that directed Coty toward politics, which he entered in 1923 as Senator-elect from Corsica. It was a brief venture, however, for after listening to reports of one Corsican electoral delegate who swore Coty's henchmen offered him "two thousand francs, which wouldn't buy a horse today, let alone a vote," and to another patriarch who, when offered a similar sum, regretted that he'd been honest for ninety years and found himself too old to change, the French Senate's High Commission decided that Coty's election had perhaps been a trifle irregular. They turned their thumbs down. Coty lost his seat in the Senate without, indeed, ever having sat in it. A Bonaparte by blood, a perfumer by trade, this was his little Waterloo.

His subsequent retreat into journalism was admirable. Restrained from governing, he decided to guide. To this end he founded his famous *L'Ami du Peuple*, a paper written by capitalists to be read by the working classes and, to make sure of their reading it, offered at the cut-rate price of two *sous*. French thrift being what it is, all classes read it; the journal automatically gained an ascendancy which could be more ascendant only if it sold for one *sou*. Three years after its founding, *L'Ami du Peuple's* morning and evening editions combined have a circulation of almost a million. Its news is limited, its paid advertising small; its rivals swear it costs Coty millions of francs annually to run. However, the Big Five five-*sous* Parisian papers, among them *Le Matin*, *Le Journal*, and *Le Petit Parisien*, in their lawsuit apropos of the two-*sous* fight, were ordered by the court to pay him nearly two million francs' damages. At such a rate, *L'Ami du Peuple*, as a losing proposition, should make money.

The only regular contributions signed in it by Coty are a solemn series of Roman-numeralled belles-lettres against Bolshevism now high in their XXX's. Half of his enemies say he couldn't have written them himself; the other half say no one else could. In local politics *L'Ami du Peuple* has been occasionally against the French payment of debts, against the British Labor Party lately, and against Lloyd George, the Bloc National, and Herriot forever. On the whole, the lofty ideals of prime ministers do not distract it; it keeps its eyes on the budget boys. So far as international treaties are concerned, the only scrap of paper Coty seems to believe in is a certified



RESTAURANT ROYALTY

Although Pierre apparently lives the life of a carefree plutocrat, he still keeps a canny eye on Pierre's, and sees to it that Park Avenue lunches, dines, and brings forth its débutantes under his auspices season after season.

cheque. For the purely personal reasons of a mere millionaire, he rightly envisages the political peace of Europe as a public financial necessity and properly regards vulgar trade as a higher envoy than refined plenipotentiaries. It was probably more with a realist's eye on his and everyone's bank account than on the theoretic dove of peace that he was first among French industrialists to bury the hatchet with Germany after the war.

AS a big French businessman in the new American manner, Coty is, after twenty-five years of commerce, still greatly respected. As a journalist-politician and public mentor of briefer practice, he is still enormously enjoyed. In a government crisis he can always be relied upon to offer, not a solution, but a gesture which is magnificent, usually unacceptable, and which makes delicious reading as described fully in *L'Ami du Peuple* and, depending upon circumstances, a little more or less so in his two upper-class journals, *Figaro* and *Le Gaulois*. At the worst of France's fiscal crises he offered a loan of one hundred million francs, presumably to be applied to her war debt, the political conditions he imposed being such that he and Poincaré started a new war of their own and France's amortization was left where they had found it. Another time he offered to buy the gem-like Renaissance château of Chambord, which had once housed Charles X, and which he rhetorically promised the Beaux Arts would, under his care, house nothing more anachronistic than his strictly up-to-date perfume factory.

Harassed by falling cabinets and fallen francs, postwar politicians in France are a solemn lot. Against them Coty, with his bright ideas and Mediterranean blood, seems like a red-wigged character from the old Italian comedy—one of those sympathetic and declamatory *saltimbanques* who from the top of a tight-rope offer marvellous cure-alls which have the high merit of relieving nothing but public tedium. Such humorists (even when they take their jokes seriously) are peculiarly useful to an impatient, critical people like the French, who, especially when troubled, would be under the necessity of inventing such persons, as Voltaire said of someone else, if they did not already exist. In a certain fashion, Coty has spared French ingenuity that necessity. —HIPPOLYTA

"How much is this one?"

•

Clad in a sweater and a pair of gold pants, President Hoover sat in the basement room of the White House and . . . —*Detroit News.*

We don't want to hear any more.

"You've got to hand it to him. He started life as a choirboy."

OF ALL THINGS

A SCIENTIST says that the pineal gland in the brain might be used to help us understand the fourth dimension. Some day the human mind may be able to comprehend the provisions of the Five-Power Pact.

•

We see it all now. The American delegation brought their treaty home to get it explained.

•

Chicago's move to banish twenty-eight notorious gunmen seems to us a step in the wrong direction. It would be wiser to keep them right at home where they would not be noticed so much.

•

Mr. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey has changed his mind on prohibition. He is not as wet as the Atlantic Ocean but wetter than the Hackensack Meadows.

•

Mr. du Pont points out that, what with everything going out and nothing coming in, the Eighteenth Amendment has cost us nearly eighteen billion dollars. That seems a good deal to pay for the privilege of calling a saloon a speakeasy.

•

Our ex-President finds the return to private life "an incomprehensible relief." We respectfully call this to the attention of Commissioner Whalen, for whatever it may be worth.

•

Grace Church, we feel, is attacking the divorce evil at a vital point. After all, the basic cause of divorce is marriage.

•

Canadians claim to have discovered a new planet also. It cannot compare with ours, however, we patriotically add.

•

The mayor has handsomely vetoed the taxicab bill with its increased charge for waiting time. The passengers could have lost money faster in Fifth Avenue than in Wall Street.

•

The winter of 1930 will be remembered, if at all, as the one that had too many backbones.

•

Sutton Place residents were accused of acting snooty toward census-takers. The government asked them please to lower their noses long enough to be counted.

•

The Alabama court has decided against Heflin, evidently under orders from the Pope. It looks like the last season for the old Tom show.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

SPRING COMES TO MURRAY HILL

I sit in an office at 244 Madison Avenue
And say to myself you have a responsible job, havenue?
Why then do you fritter away your time on this doggerel?
If you have a sore throat you can cure it by using a good goggeral,
If you have a sore foot you can get it fixed by a chiropodist
And you can get your original sin removed by St. John the Bopodist,
Why then should this flocculent lassitude be incurable?
Kansas City, Kansas, proves that even Kansas City needn't always be Missourible
Up up my soul! This inaction is abominable.
Perhaps it is the result of disturbances abdominable.
The pilgrims settled Massachusetts in 1620 when they landed on a stone hummock.
Maybe if they were here now they would settle my stomach.
Oh, if I only had the wings of a bird
Instead of being confined on Madison Avenue I could soar in a jiffy to Second or Third.

—OGDEN NASH

INVESTIGATION À LA FRANÇAISE

IF the *bureau de police* had not been so near, after the dog had bitten me, probably I would never have done anything about it. The bite was only a nip which hardly drew blood, but as the police were at hand and I felt somewhat angry at the whole illogical proceeding of being bitten, I went in.

A gendarme in uniform was sitting there with his feet on the desk, reading a newspaper. I began to explain matters, but he waved me to a chair. His newspaper was an important ritual; he must finish it before he could take up other business. After a few moments he turned to me and said, "Now, then, Monsieur, what is it you request?"

I began once more to relate my story of being bitten by the dog, this time being allowed to finish it. The gendarme waggled his black mustachios sagely. He said he knew this particular dog. He knew it well. In truth, every day he passed through the road in which it lived. He would take the matter up immediately, that very moment.

The procedure of taking it up that very moment turned out to be his half-stepping through the door and holding a long conversation with an unseen *agent de police* in the next room. They talked about the dog. The man in the next room offered the information that this particular dog had now bitten no less than five people.

My gendarme turned back to me and said, "You see now, Monsieur, that it is time to do something about this dog, do you not?"

I agreed with him and he went on, "It is my opinion, in fact, that the biting of five people is enough. Now it is evident that the dog must be investigated. I know its owner. He cannot escape his connection with the dog, for often he has boasted to me of it as a watchdog. But do you not agree with me that there is a great difference between a watchdog which will bite people breaking into a house and a dog which bites innocent people as they promenade along the road?"

Again I agreed with his reasoning and waited for him to do something about it.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I will investigate the matter. I will see the owner of the dog. I will tell him you have been bitten. As I say, every day I pass by the road on which the owner lives, so I will be sure to do this, for I myself am not afraid of this dog. Leave everything in my hands, Monsieur. I assure you that the situation will be gone into thoroughly and that I will let you know the result."

I THANKED him and left the police station. I rather supposed that, as he had promised, the gendarme would stop by my house the next day and let me know what measures had been taken about the dog, but he did not appear. I didn't see him, in fact, for another week, when I met him quite accidentally. I asked him what had been done about the dog.

"The dog?" he questioned blankly. "What dog?"

It was not until I had told my whole story all over again and placed the dog as living in the road through which he passed every day that he remembered.

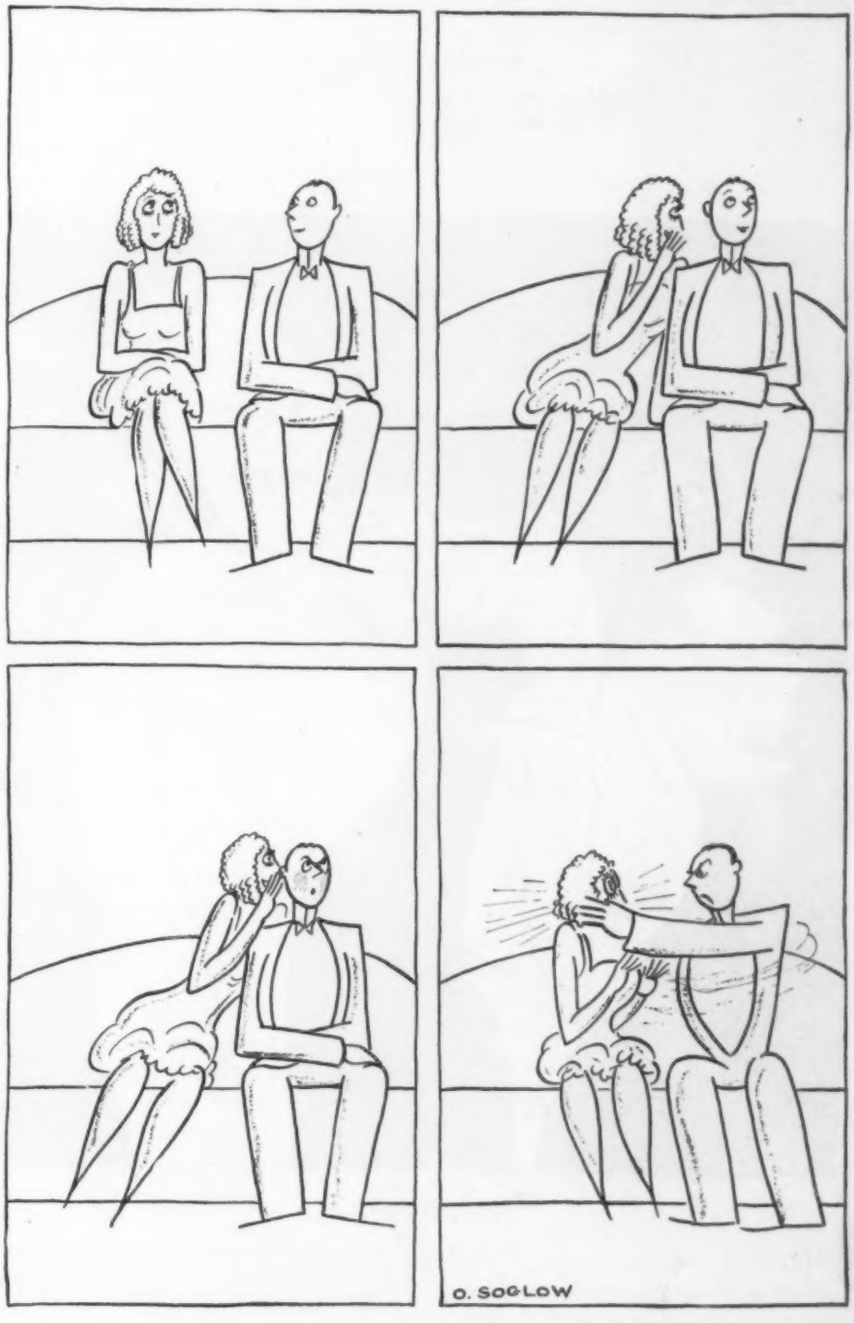
"Ah, yes," he said; then, "That one! But Monsieur, I never go by that way any more." —THEODORE PRATT

•

OLD MAID

Even teachers
Are God's creatures.

—C. L. Q.



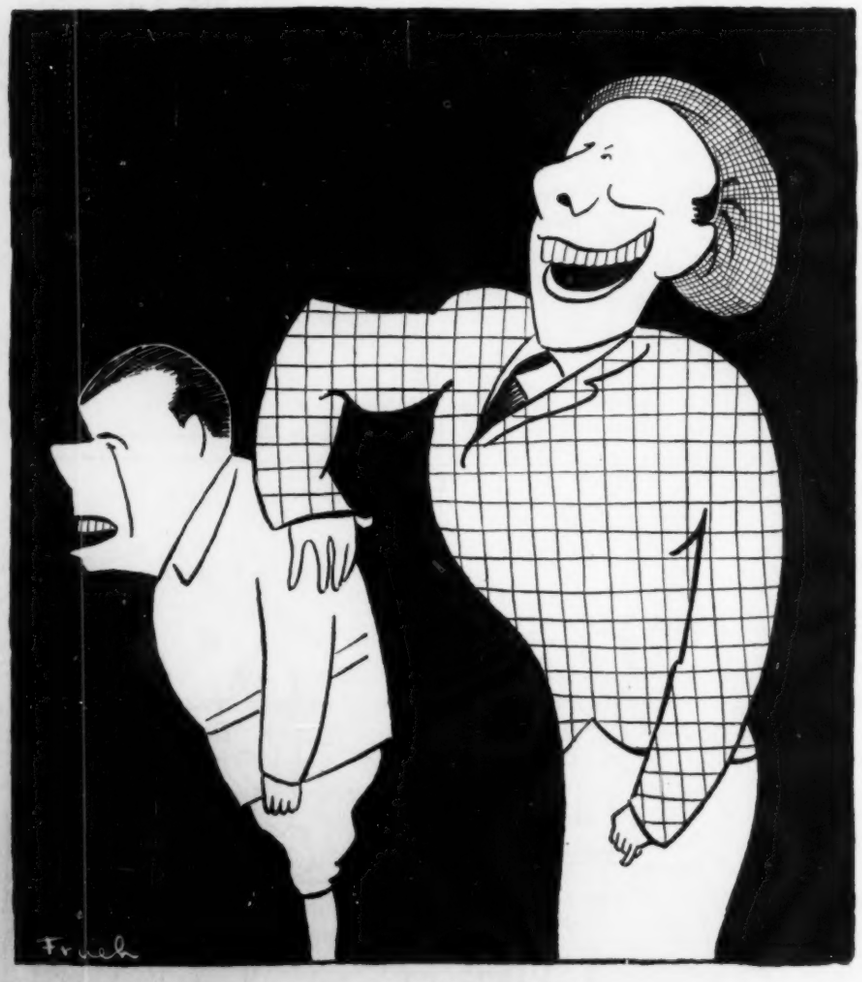
THE THEATRE

BACK AGAIN

LAST week, because of the superior quality of "Hotel Universe" and "Uncle Vanya," we postponed consideration of "Lady Clara" and "Virtue's Bed" until such time as they could more properly be grouped with some equally shoddy plays. By great good luck, this week's batch is the one! In fact, compared to the new shipment, "Lady Clara" and "Virtue's Bed" are plays to be bound up in vellum and sent to the Library of Congress. Maybe we had better postpone them once again until something equally good comes along.

"Little Orchid Annie," "Dora Mobridge," "Room 349," and "Stepping Sisters." There's a lineup for you! There's a lineup for a firing-squad! If spring is determined, year after year, to push these little things up through the ground along with her shoots of grass and crocuses, then by all means let us do without the grass and crocuses and hop right from winter into midsummer. At least then the new shows will have music in them.

Of course, there was Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet, but that doesn't count. The Philadelphia Orchestra played "Le Sacre du Printemps" the following night, but Broadway doesn't get credit for that, and it shouldn't be allowed to claim Miss Le Gallienne for its side any more than it may claim Stokowski and Stravinsky. According to our records, Broadway is credited only with the four plays mentioned above, a credit which reduces its balance to the point where there is a slight overdraft of sixteen dollars and fifty cents.



"FLYING HIGH"

Mr. Bert Lahr executing his difficult fraternal gesture, involving complete dislocation of the right arm, on the shoulder of Oscar Shaw, in the riotous musical comedy at the Apollo.

IF the authors of "Little Orchid Annie" could have been as flip and ingenious in their clean gags as they were in their raw ones, it would have been a pretty funny farce. Some of the blue lines, after you had recovered from your embarrassment, seemed to be rather deftly turned and fairly fresh. Of course, it is easier to be original in that line of talk because it has been done so seldom on the stage before. In fact, except for Miss West's little whimsy, "Pleasure Man," I can recall no show north of Fourteenth Street which has waded quite so deep into the muck. Unfortunately whoever it was who supplied the pathology and leers for "Little Orchid Annie" was the only one who had any sense of dialogue. The clean-minded contributor had nothing. The result is practically impossible to recommend, for if you are amused by off-color wisecracks there are too many old clean ones, and if you like old clean ones there are certainly too many dirty ones. I cannot imagine any member of the cast (and there are one or two who are quite effective) minding not being mentioned in connection with this performance.

IN spite of the author's note that all the characters in "Room 349" are fictitious, there still lingers a suspicion that the killing of Arnold Rothstein was the *leitmotif*. The parallel is so close, in fact, that the play gets nowhere in the end. Or perhaps it was sheer coincidence that Miss Inez Norton was engaged to play the rôle of the slain gambler's sweetheart. At any rate, as in the case of the Park Central Hotel killing (the hotel in the play is the Royale, which throws you off for a minute or two), a lot of swell material is thrown away on a dull trial with no conviction resulting. You wouldn't believe it possible that so little could be done with so much, had you not followed the Rothstein case in the newspapers. Someday we ought to have the whole killing done over again and see what can be made of it. I

MOTHER'S DAY

MAY 11 TH.

MARY HILL WILLARD
Mother of Frances E. Willard

MARGARET M. CARNEGIE
Mother of Andrew Carnegie

SARAH BUSH LINCOLN
Step-mother of Abraham Lincoln

VICTORIA MOOR COOLIDGE
Mother of Calvin Coolidge

ELIZA TOMLINSON FOSTER
Mother of Stephen Collins Foster

ABIGAIL SMITH ADAMS
Mother of John Quincy Adams

MARTHA BULLOCH ROOSEVELT
Mother of Theodore Roosevelt

MARY BALL WASHINGTON
Mother of George Washington

MOTHERS FAMOUS PEOPLE REMEMBER

In its Mother's Day wrap the Sampler takes on new charm.

Don't you forget !

To her, your remembering—your remembrance—your thoughtfulness of her, is the most wonderful thing in the world.

Don't let carelessness—thoughtlessness—on your part cause your mother a hurt. And your forgetfulness would hurt her beyond measure.

What more fitting to carry your thoughtful tribute than Whitman's famous and beloved Sampler. What a tasteful and graceful message to mother from you—this charming Sampler in its special Mother's Day wrap showing the flowers she loves in quaint cross stitch.

"ON THIS DAY LET NONE FORGET MOTHER; BE SHE EVER SO FAR AWAY LET SOME TRIBUTE OF LOVE BE SENT HER."

Carry the Sampler to her if possible. If not, any Whitman agency will gladly mail it for you.

Whitman's Chocolates

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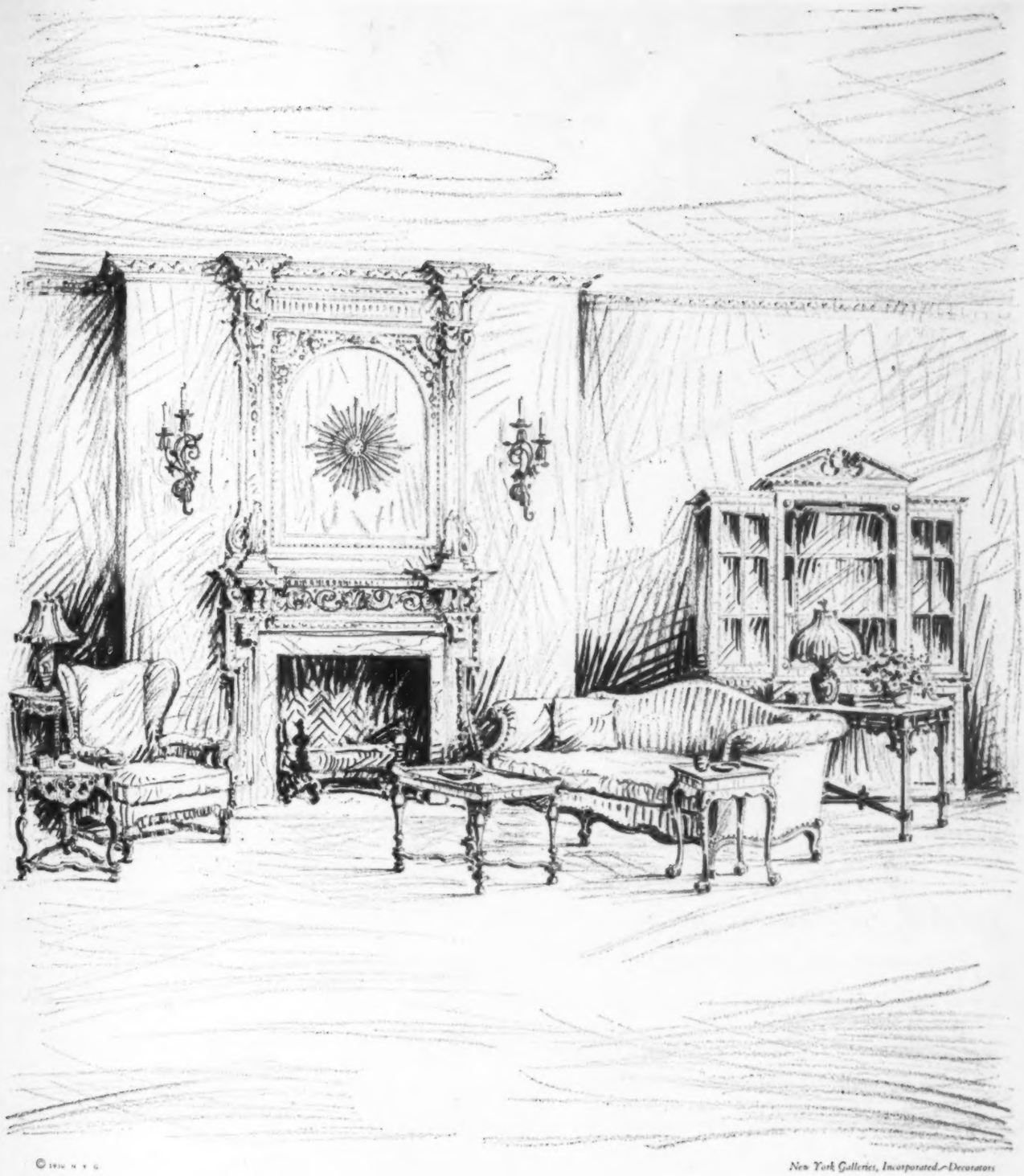
The Sherry-Netherland is a tower of residence-apartments. The apartments vary in size. They are furnished in the manner of charming homes and serviced by a Sherry staff. Immediate inspection for fall leasing is suggested. Transient arrangements are also possible.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

would not recommend, however, having "Room 349" done over again. Once is enough of that.

(Perhaps you think that it doesn't take nerve to pan that show. Were it not for my unswerving devotion to my professional duty, I should have eased off into a noncommittal notice. I started to leave the theatre just a wee bit early on the opening night, but the presence of two rather flashily dressed strangers on the sidewalk outside, who seemed to be watching my every movement with ominous interest, sent me ambling with assumed nonchalance back into the theatre remarking, in a tone loud enough for them to hear, that it certainly was a great show. I am now using all my influence with the editors of THE NEW YORKER to print a limited edition of this particular issue and to see that none are left lying around on green-baize tables.)

I CAN see no reason at all, however, for being afraid to say that "Stepping Sisters" wasn't very good. Judging from his insistent applause it was either the producer or the author who sat behind me at the first matinée, and he seemed to be a very pleasant man without antisocial tendencies. His comedy, however, was one of those things which are built, block by block, before your eyes and even then are not worth building. It is rather fun, during the first act, to watch the spring planting going on, as, for instance, when the daughter says: "Why look! Dad has gone to play golf and has forgotten all his clubs" or when the two former burlesque queens (now a famous Shakespearean actress and a suburban social leader) remark of the other member of their



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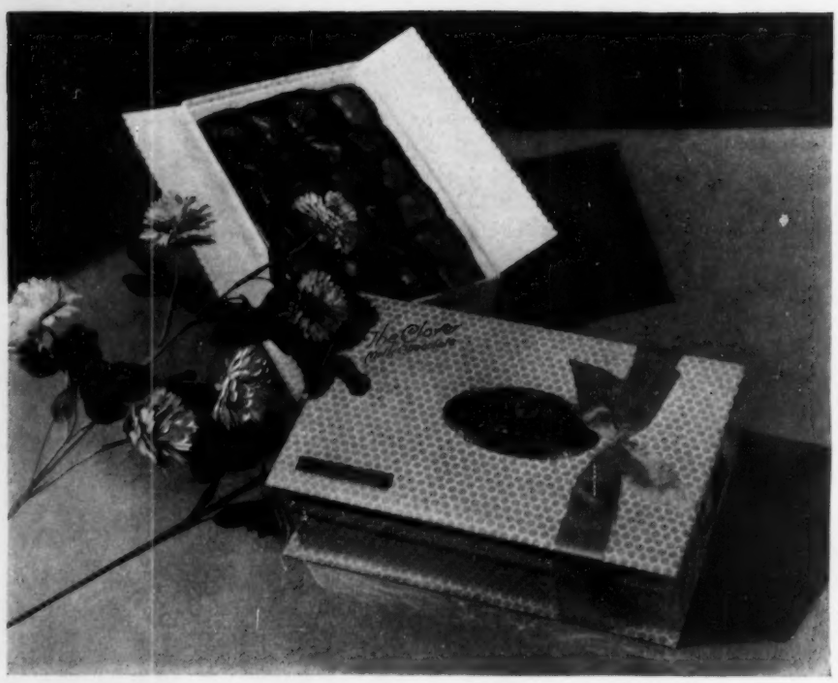

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The Albert N. Duker Organization
New York Distributor, 140 William Street

former trio: "I haven't seen or heard anything of Rosie O'Toole since the old days. I wonder where she is and what she is doing!" To see Dad come back after his clubs and to watch the ladies' surprise when Rosie O'Toole (now Rose La Marr) puts in her dramatic appearance for the curtain to the first act is to keep alive one's faith in the essential stability of the American drama. And I wouldn't be at all surprised to see "Stepping Sisters" bump along all summer, thanks to the essential stability of the American theatre-going public. The three "sisters" are played by Theresa Maxwell Conover (usen't there to be a "Roberts" in there somewhere?), Helen Raymond, and Grace Huff, and, for the matinée audience at any rate, they were more than adequate.

I MUST have seen a play called "Dora Mobridge" because I have the program for it right here on my desk. All right. So I saw "Dora Mobridge." —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

THE thing happened in the ordinary routine of Mr. Moyle's everyday life and furnished him with the inner glow he always associated with the finer feelings. That was why the sequel came as such a shock, especially since Mr. Moyle, as one of his city's leading men, cultivated dignity.

It was when Mr. Moyle was in the prosaic act of changing trolleys that he observed the woman with the infant and the basket and the bundle and the child at her skirt, also in process of changing trolleys. She and her belongings had the steps all cluttered up. Obeying a noble impulse, Mr. Moyle went forward and took the infant and bore it solemnly to the sidewalk. The woman had dropped the bundle and the string had come off, necessitating vast readjustments. Mr. Moyle waited, strong in the knowledge of duty well done. Two nearby ladies beamed upon him, and a passing flapper eyed him kindly. "I'll not be a minute," said the woman, wrestling with the bundle. Mr. Moyle checked an alarming impulse to lay the child down on the sidewalk.

"Some people's that frightened to hold a baby," the woman went on. "But the way you did it there reminded me of a Mr. Talbot."

Mr. Moyle strove to indicate with

WE saw "Toots" the other dawn at the Embassy and she looked simply top-hole. Buzzed right over, toot sweet.

"Stunning new frock," we complimented, "frivolous gal, we shall never propose to a female whose clothes allowance would leave us nothing but orange juice for our old age."

"Nothing in *that* alibi," Toots flipped back, "I support a large wardrobe on less than you contribute to head waiters. When we're married, I'll take you to Saks-Fifth Avenue to their wonderful Debutante Shop —and reveal my Mysterious Secret."

It's true that smart young things manage clothes allowances cleverly these days, thanks to the famous Debutante Shop. *And* thanks to the wonderful way one can keep a wardrobe sparkling fresh with Lux.

At Saks-Fifth Avenue they'll tell you it's easy to support frivolous frocks in the style to which they're accustomed, if you see that they're washed only in Lux.

"It's the only *safe* way to cleanse the smart new colors—delicate pastels and the new brilliant prints," this famous store says. "You won't look smart if a color fades the least bit—but Lux is especially made to preserve colors. Any color safe in water alone is just as safe in Lux."

"THESE FRIVOLOUS FROCKS

are easy to support in the style to which they are accustomed —thanks to Lux," says

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

In the picture at the top of the page you'll see why debutantes regard their new shop at Saks-Fifth Avenue as Paradise Regained. These extremely smart little summer dance frocks are so easy on clothes allowances.

And when it comes to keeping up one's wardrobe, it's a big comfort to know that— as Saks-Fifth Avenue says— lovely flowered chiffons and smart printed silks can be kept fresh as a morning in June, with just a dip in a sparkly, bubbly bowlful of Lux suds.

A gift *that is a happy inspiration*

WHEN your gift simply must be exquisite—when it must be chosen with the gracious art that makes it seem a happy inspiration—choose Cowan Pottery.

For beauty of form, individuality of color and perfection of craftsmanship, mark Cowan pottery as a thing apart. Bride or graduate will receive it with genuine appreciation.

Cowan pottery is known to artists, interior decorators and fine stores, the world over, as America's outstanding contribution to the ceramic art. Every piece is fine porcelain. Whether you spend one dollar or five hundred, you invest it discriminatingly when you select Cowan pottery.

While each piece is plainly marked "COWAN," these famous porcelains are just as unmistakably identified by their charming individuality of glaze and design. Just to be able to say "Yes, it is a Cowan piece," is quite likely to make the receiver grateful to you for life!

Cowan pottery is on display in notable shops throughout the country, including many famous New York and Chicago stores.

THE COWAN POTTERS, Inc., at Rocky River, Ohio

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COWAN POTTERY

becoming modesty that Mr. Talbot had played the part of a man.

"A real gent he was," continued the mother. "The Talbots were all real gentry. Not just common folks like you and me, but real gentry."

Although conscious of a sinking sensation, Mr. Moyle did his best to convey that he quite appreciated the distinction.

"Him with his silk hat on and everything," said the woman. "It was Bobby when he was a baby, and he always liked silk hats."

"Naturally he would," said Mr. Moyle, although he didn't know why.

"Clara's just the same—never notices ordinary people, do you, Clara?" She lifted the infant from Mr. Moyle's arms, leaving him with a sense of emptiness. "There now! Thanks very much."

MR. MOYLE mumbled "Good afternoon" and went off in the direction of an approaching trolley. Already he felt that he hated the Talbots, and he comforted himself with the reflection that Bobby and Clara were probably fools.

The conversation of the two ladies on the seat in front caught his ear. "It's always the same," one was saying. "If you see a thing like that done in public it's sure to be by an ordinary kind of man." —JAMES B. CLARK

•

ADVICE TO RESTAURATEURS

Digestion has a lot to do
With what is what and who is who.
Gourmets have given their wealth away
Because they ate the wrong entrée,
And men have made a million dollars
Because of what they learned from crullers.
Women have founded new religions
After consuming gamey pigeons.
Most restaurants don't realize
Their golden opportunities.
A little gravel introduced
Into the salt has oft produced
Exit effects no bouncer could.
A dash of finely powdered wood
Cooked with the roast will clear a place
Of every single rowdy face.
Potatoes stuffed with cotton wool
Always confound the noisy fool.
While on the other hand a high
Per cent of purity in rye
Will bring no one can ever tell
How good and great a clientele.

—RICHARD PECKHAM

2..Talk with Pilots of the Planes and learn that—

It's easy to Fly

GET on the ground of an Airport, and chat with the men who fly. They're as interested in you as you are in them, and they're anxious to show you that it's easy to fly, when you sensibly set out to learn.

First, you'll learn that heroes and heroics have gone from the skies . . . that planes are designed for you as for thousands like you, who fly them every day!

Here's the pilot of the big tri-Wright-motored transport which you see in front of Wright's great Service Plant, engines idling. He's just landed from a 300-mile run on schedule, and has time for a chat.

How many ships like that one fly today? Why, there are hundreds of passenger, mail, and express transports flying every day. The Department of Commerce, which guards all flying, gives their mileage as more than 100,000 every 24 hours.

The transport service is an easy introduction to flying, you're told. It flies over established airways, just as trains ride over railways, on minute-to-minute schedules. For instance, $33 takes you swiftly from New York to Montreal in 4 hours, $18 from Detroit to Chicago in 3½ hours and $21 from San Francisco to Los Angeles in 3 hours!

How can smaller planes serve you? Have a talk with the Aerial Service man, standing between that fast Wright-Gipsy job and the one with a big "Whirlwind" in its nose. His is the taxi business of the air. If you want to get quickly from place to place; if you're an engineer or real estate man seeking a map showing every detail of town, city, or section of land; if you're a manufacturer in need of quick delivery of material; or a salesman with time riding you hard—this man is ready to serve you.

Where are the planes civilians fly? Of all the planes on the field, a business man who flies tells you, over half are owned and piloted by people like yourself. That great air yacht, powered by a giant "Cyclone" belongs to an automobile man who takes friends on pleasure or business trips every week. A debutante pilots the sleek Wright-Gipsy sport job taking off, and a Wall Street man commutes every day in that cabin job.

How safe is it for you to fly? That, you learn, depends on how, in what, and with whom you fly. First, pick a pilot who shows a Government License to carry passengers aloft. To win this, he must prove to expert Federal examiners that he has had ample training and experience to fly safely, surely, and well.

And pick a plane that is inspected, approved, and licensed by the government, with engines of such proved reliability as Wright "Whirlwinds," "Cyclones" and Wright-Gipsies. Then you'll find that flying cross country in a modern plane is as simple as taking a Sunday drive.

Talk to all the flyers you can, whenever you can. They're enthusiastic fellows, all of them anxious to make you understand. Mystery will disappear in the light of simple knowledge.

. . . .

Then study the ships and their control, which the next Wright advertisement will help you to do, in this series showing that *it's really easy to fly!*

WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION

Paterson, New Jersey

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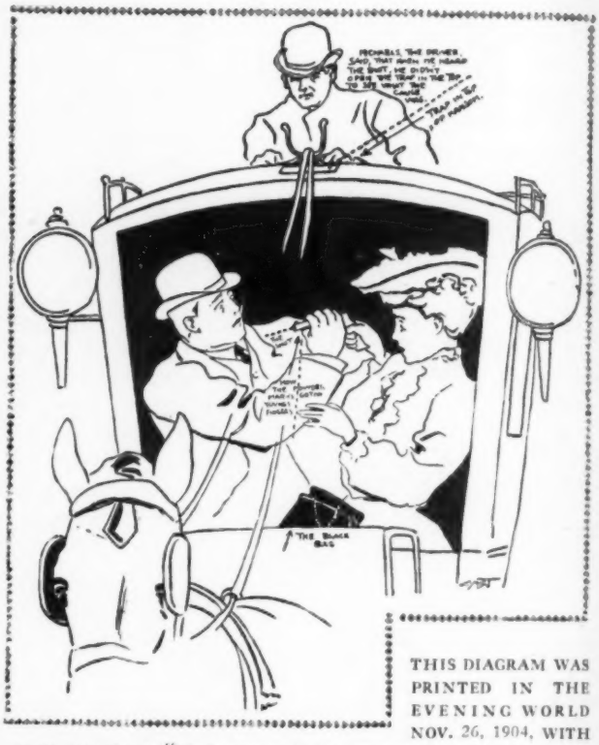
SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE MYSTERY OF THE HANSOM CAB

IT was just twenty-five years ago, on May third, my dears, that, for the second and last time, the case of the People of the State of New York (ever a naïve litigant) against Nan Randolph Patterson was entrusted to the deliberations of an infatuated jury. After being locked up all night, they tottered from the juryroom to report that they, like the susceptible twelve who had meditated on the same case six months before, were unable to decide whether or not this handsome wench was guilty of having murdered Caesar Young. At that report the exhausted People of the State of New York threw up their hands and, to the cheers of a multitude which choked the streets for blocks, Nan Patterson walked out of the Criminal Courts Building into American legend.

It was in the preceding June that the killing had been done. Caesar Young—that was a *nom de guerre*, his real name was Frank Thomas Young—was a gay blade of the race-tracks, a bookmaker, gambler and horseman, personable, rich, generous, jovial, English. For some two years he was enchained by the loveliness of this Nan Patterson, a brunette, pompadoured, well-rounded show-girl from the sextette of a "Florodora" road company. He had picked her up on a train bound for California where, according to testimony which later put all manner of ideas into Eastern heads, they spent several days together in what must have been a singularly liberal-minded Turkish Bath. But by the spring of 1904 he had returned penitent to the bosom of his wife and, for a healing voyage of reconciliation, the Youngs booked passage on the Germanic, due to sail from her pier at the foot of West Fulton Street at 9:30 on the morning of June 4.



THIS DIAGRAM WAS PRINTED IN THE EVENING WORLD NOV. 26, 1904, WITH THE CAPTION "THE GENERALLY CREDITED IDEA OF HOW CAESAR YOUNG MET HIS DEATH."

ACTRESS AT HER TRIAL FOR MURDER AND FATHER WHO SITS WITH HIS PROTECTING ARM ABOUT HER.

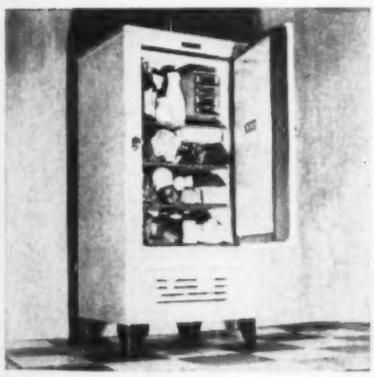
FROM THE WORLD, NOV. 17, 1904

On the night before, they had come in from Sheepshead Bay after the fifth race and taken lodging for the night with Mrs. Young's sister in West 140th Street. Indeed that last evening, Young's life was fairly swarming with in-laws, all bent, I suspect, on seeing that this, their Caesar, should not change his mind at the last moment and run back to that dreadful Patterson woman. At seven next morning Young jumped out of bed, dressed, and sallied forth, explaining to his wife that he needed a shave and a new hat and would meet her on the pier not later than nine o'clock. He never kept that appointment and, too late to get her heavy luggage off the boat, poor Mrs. Young decided to let it go on without her.

Young never reached the pier because, at ten minutes before nine, just as the hansom he had picked up in Columbus Circle was rattling along West Broadway near Franklin Street, he was shot through the chest. The cabman, although subsequently disinclined to recall having noticed anything at all that morning, was at the time sufficiently alert to draw up in front of a drug store. Passersby who hurried forward found within the cab a dying man. Oddly enough the pistol which had killed him lay hot in the pocket of his own coat and he had fallen forward across the knees of the fair creature who was sharing the cab with him. Nan, for it was she, was extremely emotional and clasping her hands in supplication to the Deity, exclaimed (with admirable presence of mind, the State afterwards contend-

COSTS as little as reading the other fellow's paper

Kitchenette Model Electrolux has 4 cu. ft. of food space; makes 36 large ice cubes.



OVER-THE-SHOULDER readers may not realize that their insidious habit saves them enough each day to pay the operating cost of an Electrolux. Impossible? No—it's so The ridiculously small sum of 5 to 10 cents a day is all this refrigerator costs to use. More than that, there's no sound to Electrolux, when you get it, or ever after. With no machinery or moving parts, there's not a thing to wear or make any noise. A tiny gas flame and a slight flow of water do all the work. Visit your gas company's showroom and see all the various models and sizes of Electrolux. Prices $195 to $430. Liberal purchase terms. For complete literature write Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d St., N. Y. C.

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THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

Ah! TWINS

with this double-slice double-side speed toaster

Twins! The Edicraft presents you with two perfect, browned beauties—so good and so welcome you'll want lots more. For the Speed Toaster has the twin virtues of speed and accuracy. It toasts two slices on both sides at once. It toasts to just the tint that tastes best—simply set it on stop—1-2-3-4 or 5 to produce your private shade.

The Edicraft takes orders but not watching. When your toast is done it cordially invites you to help yourself by opening before your eyes . . . but if you wish, will keep toast warm till you're ready. And beautiful it is as beautifully it does—for the Edicraft's lines are sleekly modern. Good stores near you sell it. Thoroughly dependable, like all products created and manufactured by

TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison ORANGE, N. J.

EDICRAFT SPEED TOASTER

ed) "Caesar, Caesar, why did you do this?"

IN the following November, the American people settled back to enjoy a real good murder trial, with Nan's face pale in the shade of a vast black picture hat, with her aged father, a patriarch superbly caparisoned with white mutton-chop whiskers, sitting beside her and kissing her in benediction at the end of every session. For the State appeared William Rand, who looked rather like Richard Harding Davis in those days. He was a brilliant advocate, although in talking to a jury, the tobacco-chewing members of the bar would tell you, he did faintly suggest an English squire addressing the tenantry. For the defense the humbler Abraham Levy had been retained—the mighty Abe Levy who looked like a happy blend of cherub and pawnbroker and who, as the most adroit and zestful practitioner of the criminal law in this country, was called for the defense in more than three hundred homicide cases. The foreman of the first jury was Elwood Hendrick, now Professor Hendrick of Columbia, if you please, but—marvellous in this restless city—still living now in the East Fortieth Street house which he gave as his address on that day when Nan, after looking him sternly in the eye, nodded to her counsel as a sign that he would do as a juror for her.

The aforesaid American people, fairly pop-eyed with excitement, were at first defrauded. On the tenth day of the proceedings, one of the jurors succumbed to apoplexy and the whole verbose, complicated trial had to be started all over again. This form of mishap occurs so often in our courts that there is considerable backing now for a proposed law to provide a thirteenth juror who should hear all the

testimony but be called on for a vote only in such an emergency. Roughly the idea is that every jury ought to carry a spare.

In the testimony it was brought out that Nan, aided by her sister and her sister's husband, had in that last spring worked desperately to regain a hold over her once lavish lover, trying every trick from hysterics to a quite fictitious pregnancy. On the night before the murder they had spent some clandestine time together in what was supposed to be a farewell colloquy. It was begun late in the evening at Flannery's saloon in West 125th Street, with one of Mrs. Young's plethora of watchful brothers-in-law sitting carefully within earshot. Nan had reached the morbid stage of predicting darkly that Caesar would never, never sail next day. Profanely, he taunted her with not even knowing on what boat his passage was booked. Indeed he tossed a hundred-dollar bill on the beer-stained table and offered to lay it against fifty cents that she could not name the ship.

"Caesar Young, Caesar Young," she made answer, while abstractedly pocketing the stakes, "Caesar Young, there isn't a boat that sails the seas with a hold big enough or dark enough for you to hide in it from me tomorrow morning."

Between two and three on the morning of the fourth, they parted—unamicably. Indeed there was testimony to the effect that at the end he called her by an accurate but nasty name, slapped her in the mouth and threatened to knock her damned block off. It was the more difficult for the State to surmise how a few hours later they ever came together in that hurrying and fatal hansom. It was 7:20 when he left his wife in West 140th Street. It was not yet nine when he was shot at the other end of the city. Nor was all of that brief time at Nan's disposal. For the new hat was on his head when he was killed. And somewhere, somehow he had also paused for that shave.

THERE were sundry such *lacunæ* in the State's case. The pistol had been sold the day before in a pawnshop on Sixth Avenue but the proof that it had been bought by Nan's sister and her husband was far from water-tight. Anyway the jury must have been left wondering why, if these people had all been battening on Caesar Young, they should have wished so golden a goose slain. Another weakness was

SALADS AT ONCE

Smart and Delicious

There are delightful salads that bring into use at the table the smart wooden salad bowl with its fork and spoon of olive wood and silver—delightful in far more than their smartness and color. For tomatoes, cucumbers, endive—lettuce, romaine, watercress, or what you will in greens—tossed in the cool bowl with a French Dressing made the instant before eating, have a flavor and goodness that are truly unmatched.

Provided, of course, that the hostess has chosen for her French Dressing the smooth blandness of a *pure* Olive Oil—the mellowness of a pure vinegar. Such Olive Oil as Heinz makes and imports directly from its plant in sunny Spain; the choicest fruit pressed on the spot for full-bodied flavor. And such Vinegar as Heinz makes—aged in wood for months to give it its mellow flavor and delightful bouquet! • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.*

As so many smart hostesses know, the Heinz label on any jar or bottle is the sure promise of flavor inside—flavor in its most joyous form.

HEINZ

57

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Heinz Distilled White Vinegar • Heinz Imported Olive Oil

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Listen, Dearie... Let me explain

Don't call me all those names. Yes, I know it's 4 o'clock... and the milkman will soon be along... and the office closes at five... but I didn't take off my shoes to sneak in; it was this way...

You told me not to come home without a new pair of shoes... like an obedient husband I got 'em... smart shoes... the world's smartest... so smart that I had to take them off and hobble up Broadway in my stocking feet...

Serves you right, you villain. You deserve double punishment. Didn't I tell you to get STETSONS? For...

STETSON WALKS THE FIRST TEN MILES...

Moral: You can't get away with an old alibi, when science tosses in a new idea ... the Pre-Walked Shoe. The Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., South Weymouth, Mass.

Young's general rakishness. But the State's chief weakness, of course, was Nan herself. She was such a pretty thing.

The strength of the State's case lay in the fact that it seemed physically impossible for anyone else to have fired the pistol. The direction of the bullet, the powder marks, the very variety of the trigger-action all pointed only to her. To the ill-concealed rapture of the reporters, a skeleton was trundled into court as a model whereby to convince the jury that Caesar Young would have had to be a contortionist to have pulled the trigger himself, as Nan implied he did. Of course she was not sure of it. It seems she was looking dreamily out of the window at the time and was inexpressibly shocked at his having been driven so desperate by the thought of a parting from her.

It is needless to say that Mr. Levy, who managed to suggest that he was just a shabby neighbor of the jurors, seeking to rescue a fluttering butterfly from the juggernaut of the State, made the most of that "Caesar, Caesar, why did you do this?" At such a time, could this cry from the heart have been studied?

"Is there a possibility," Mr. Levy argued, "that within two seconds after the shot, she could have been so consummate an actress as to have been able deliberately to pretend the horror which showed itself in her face at that moment? Do you believe that this empty—frivolous, if you like—pleasure-loving girl could conceive the plot that would permit her at one second to kill, and in the next second to cover the act by a subtle invention? Why, it passes your understanding as it does mine. My learned and rhetorical and oratorical and brilliant friend will tell you that this was assumed. My God, you are all men of the world. You are

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

men of experience. Why, you would have to pretend that this girl possessed ability such as has never been possessed by any artist that ever trod the boards, not even by the emotional Clara Morris, not even by the great Rachel, not even by Ristori, not even by Mrs. Leslie Carter!"

Reader, if you are faintly surprised to find the name of Mrs. Carter in that climactic spot, consider that it may have been a delicate tribute to her manager, Mr. Belasco, who was attending the trial as a gentleman (*pro tem*) of the press. Then, as now, the Wizard's interest in the human heart and his warm compassion for people in distress took him often to murder trials, especially those likely to be attended by a good many reporters.

Mr. Levy's "learned and rhetorical friend" was not impressed. Indeed he could not resist pointing out that Levy himself, while no Edwin Booth precisely, nor any Salvini either, had just read that very line with considerable emotional conviction.

"It does not require the greatness of histrionic talent," Mr. Rand said drily, "to pretend that something has happened which has not."

Mr. Levy referred a good deal to Nan's dear old dad sitting there in court and, to play perfectly safe, he also read aloud from Holy Writ the episode of the woman taken in adultery. The jury disagreed.

THE State tried again in the following April, moving the case for trial this time before Justice Goff, perhaps in the knowledge that, despite his saintly aspect, that robèd terror to evildoers could be counted on to suggest to the jury, by the very tone of his voice, that hanging was too good for Nan. In his final argument, Colonel Rand was magnificent. In after years at the civil bar he argued in many cases of far greater importance and it has always been one of the minor irritations of his distinguished life that laymen everywhere still tag him as the man who prosecuted Nan Patterson. This gaudy prestige even followed him overseas when he was a high-ranking member of the Judge Advocate's staff stationed at Chaumont for the prosecution of those of us in the A.E.F. who were charged with cowardice, rape, insubordination and other infractions of the military code.

"OH, gentlemen, gentlemen," cried Mr. Rand in his peroration, reaching at last his guess at the scene

Stools

How many of us who cast appreciative glances at the lovely stool which graces our fireside realize that once upon a time, in Olde England, this type of article served only those of humble birth. Indeed, the custom prevailed so thoroughly that chairs were reserved entirely for persons of rank. Stools and benches enter greatly into modern decoration and their origin and history, together with charming stories of scores of other equally fascinating things, appear in the Antiques and Interior Decorations Pages of The Sun every Saturday.

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in the hansom cab. "We are near the end, we are near the end now. Going back to revisit his early home and his old friends, a richer, stronger, heartier man than Caesar Young that morning you shall not find. But the harvest of the seed he had sown was still to be reaped and the name of the reaper was Nan Patterson. And his companion, what were her thoughts? What were her reflections as she sat there by his side? One call, you may be sure, was insistent in her thoughts. One call she heard again and again. 'You have lost, Nan, you have lost. The end has come, your rival has triumphed, the wife has won. The mistress has lost, lost her handsome, generous lover. No more riots, no more love with him. He is going back, he is going back. Caesar is going back, Nan. Back, back to his first love. Back to his true love. Caesar is going back, Nan. Back, back to the woman who had shared his poverty, who had saved his money, who has adorned his wealth. Back. Caesar is going back to the wife he had sworn before God to love, honor and cherish.' Oh, if she had doubts, they vanished then; then she saw red; then the murder in her heart flamed into action, and she shot and killed. A little crack, a puff of smoke, a dead man prostrate on a woman's knee, the wages of sin were paid!"

Thus the District Attorney. But again the jury disagreed and after a few days he moved for a quashing of the indictment. It was immediately announced that Nan would be starred in a musical show called "The Lulu Girls." It opened a fortnight later in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and got as far as Altoona, where, although billed by that time as "A Romance of Panama," it quietly expired. Shortly thereafter Nan was remarried, after a lively vacation, to an early husband from whom she had been obscurely divorced. She then vanished from the newspapers.

FOUR or five years ago an elderly and indignant washerwoman living in a shanty in White Plains found herself surrounded one morning by a cordon of reporters and photographers all conjured up by a fanciful and self-sprung rumor that she was Nan Patterson. The White Plains *blanchisseuse* was furious, as it seems she was not Nan Patterson at all. Why, she had never been in a hansom cab or a Turkish Bath in all her life. She had never even been in "Florodora."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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TEE AND GREEN

Jones and Smith—Roommates in Georgia — Mr. Macfadden Takes to Golf

BOBBY JONES has held his place as the world's greatest golfer for quite a while now. From time to time various new players have threatened his position. Johnnie Farrell was one; George Von Elm another. They did brilliantly for a little while, then stopped being so good. Though Jones was beaten in the finals of the National Amateur by Harrison Johnston, he did not have any rival last year who was consistently important. This year things may be different. A new player is moving up behind him—a tall, slim, easy-going, light-haired boy from Joplin, Missouri.

A year and a half ago Horton Smith's name didn't mean much. It was just beginning to get into the great Eastern and Midwestern newspapers, at the top of the lists of competitors in autumn tournaments on the Western table lands, the West Coast, and Florida: Horton Smith, unattached. Names often turn up like that in golf, then disappear again into the obscurity from which some almost accidental moment of brilliance—never to occur again—has lifted them. Smith was an exception. He won seven open championships that winter against the best professionals in the game. During the summer he stayed well up in the money, playing a little behind the standard his new and violently admiring rooters had set for him, but just about the way more cautious critics wanted him to, realizing his need for more experience. This winter he has been doing well down South. How far he has caught up on Jones is one of the most interesting questions that will be settled in the Eastern tournaments.

SMITH and Jones are good friends. While they were competing in a local open at Savannah, Georgia, they roomed together. Jones must have suggested that; it was an unusual concession for him. Few golfers, even if they had to find a bunker to sleep in between rounds of a tournament, would ask Jones for cot space in his room;

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**Oakmont, C. C. at Pittsburgh, scene of the National Open in 1927. Length of hole —415 yards, par 4.*

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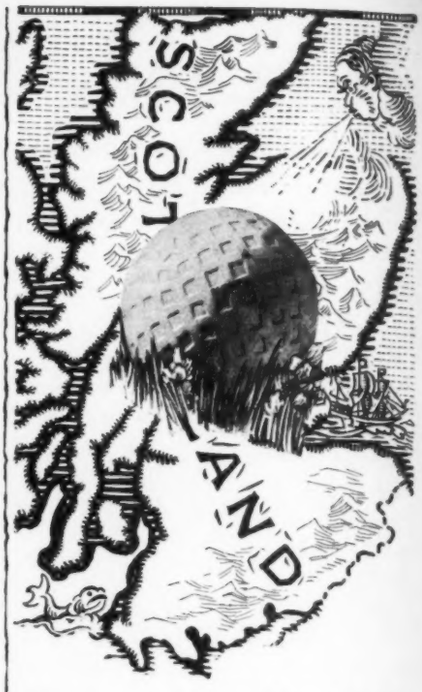
his predilection for privacy is well known. Since neither Jones nor Smith is talkative it is not likely that they said much to each other about golf; it would have been in character for Smith to ask for a suggestion on how to play some shot that bothered him, but it would not have been in character for Jones, who is genuinely modest, to offer the suggestion unsolicited.

Young Smith gave his famous roommate a pretty trimming in that tournament. Jones took his revenge at Augusta, where Smith, suffering from a bad sunburn, found solace for his uneven showing in philosophy. "It's a swell day," he said, "and the course is beautiful. Why should I worry about my game?" This is a long way behind the attitude of Jones, who never considers the possibility of worrying about his game, or worrying about worrying about it. Right now our guess is that he can beat Smith five times out of six, but all the matches would be close. Smith is a consistent man in the money, and he has something of Jones' power of relaxation, and his easy rhythm in the stroke.

BESIDES the question of how he plays against Smith, Bobby Jones has another issue to settle before long. His opponent may be Bernarr Macfadden, or the match may be a syndicate threesome, with Jones and Macfadden and the U.S.G.A. shooting against each other. Macfadden started it. He has just got out a book called "Bobby Jones on Golf," which seems to be principally a reprint of Jones' syndicated newspaper stuff. With its usual eye to business, the Macfadden company has published the book in magazine form and filled it with advertisements. The table of contents ("Play Better Golf—Bobby Jones Tells How") includes articles on how to use a bag of clubs—well-written, entertaining articles, way ahead of the ordinary instruction stuff. Many people believe the book is proof that Jones has forfeited his amateur standing and is technically (regardless of the fact that he makes a good living as a lawyer) as much a pro as Gene Sarazen or Walter Hagen.

Some teaching pros are indignant about it all. They point out that on every page Jones is doing exactly what they do when they take a customer down to the practice tee. He is taking money for teaching golf. That ought to make him a pro, they argue, and none the less so because his method is indirect. According to the general idea



Crisp as the heather that cradled it

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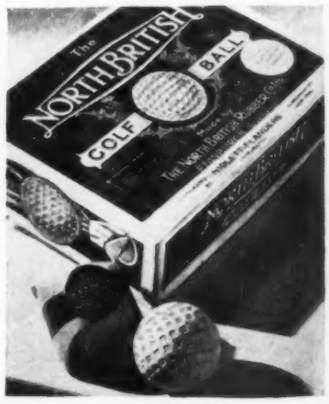

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of the rule governing what amateurs can write about golf, a non-professional player can write but he must not instruct. In Jones' articles he rarely tells his reader what to do but merely what he, Jones, does, in a given situation. "I have observed in myself . . . I once told a friend . . . I had drummed into me in my younger days . . . I have had great difficulty in . . ." Naturally, all the examples used and processes described are instruction. Pros who pass this sort of material directly and simply on to their pupils are reasonably puzzled by the fact that Jones, by introducing it in autobiographical form, can remain an amateur.

THE pros are wrong about this. Amateurs are allowed to write about golf. Jones has not broken any rule that will require him to forfeit his amateur standing because he makes what he writes instructive. There is no such rule. Only one rule in the U.S.G.A. manual applies to player-writers. It is that a player forfeits his amateur standing if he accepts pay for allowing his name to be published or advertised as the author of any material which he has not written himself.

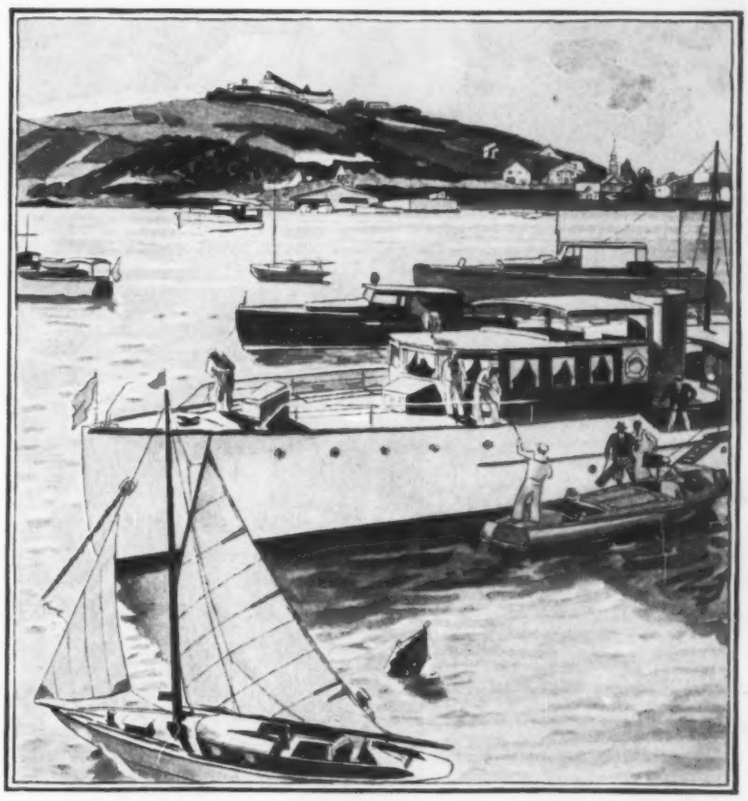
Now we admit readily that we always found it hard to believe Jones wrote his articles himself. We thought they were written by his Boswell, O. B. Keeler. The only thing that made us wonder slightly about them was that they seemed somewhat different from Keeler's other stuff. Now the truth has come out—Bobby Jones not only writes his own stuff, scrawling it in pencil, in a round hand, on sheets of foolscap, but he won't allow anyone to make changes in it. If the Bell Syndicate wants to make a correction, it has to wire him. He works over the weekends and, when contracting for a magazine article, always explains this, insisting on having several weekends to work in. He writes two articles a week of about seven hundred words apiece. He makes many thousand dollars a year as a writer on golf. Writing has made him highly analytic of his own game, and he is always ready to explain why he plays a shot in a given way. He is a professional writer, but he is an amateur player. They can't disqualify him yet. —N. B., Jr.

•

Rivinius, who is 45 years old, prominent socially, father of four children and a Harvard graduate, blamed stock market losses for his predicament.—*The Sun.*

Sounds far-fetched to us.

by YACHT... TO *Golf*... AT ST. ANDREWS



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PARIS LET

PARIS, APRIL 23

IT is clear that America's ambassadorial tradition is changing. (For that matter, of course, there was not a great deal of tradition to change.) The first official act of the new incumbent here, after having been received in full regalia at the Élysée, was to take a little business trip in a sack suit. According to the Quai d'Orsay, Ambassador Edge thus immediately lived up to the new Hoover policy and proved that he is a good businessman. It would be difficult now to find an American ambassador who hadn't been a good businessman. The first requirement of anyone who is to hold the costly post at Paris is that he be rich, and unfortunately few of them seem to have been rich long enough to have learned French. Despite his liking for the French and his spirited enjoyment of dressy Gallic ceremonials, the late Ambassador Herrick spoke, *pour ainsi dire*, no French. Linguistically, Ambassador Edge faithfully follows in the same tradition; sartorially he differs from it. On his recent commercial trip to French industrial centres, he appeared at a formal luncheon, given in his honor by the rich, important city of Lyons, in a brown lounge suit and blue shirt—a costume which the Lyonnais, stiff in *fracs*, and barely restrained from having gone into full evening dress at high noon, gallantly described, after the first blush, as *très sport, très américain*.

IN one way Ambassador Edge has a difficult rôle to fill; he follows a man who enjoyed a popularity second only to that of Ambassador Benjamin Franklin. In another rôle, that of ambassador of commercial good-will, Edge's task will be congenial to him, and it will also be forced upon him. French newspapers have been featuring pictures of the lace-makers at Calais objecting to the new American tariff against them; American newspapers here have been featuring close-ups of American automobile agents in tears at the new French tariff against American cars. In New York, these are items of minor interest; here they fill the front page. For France is finally prosperous and means to remain so; she is sitting on the top of the heap. The Continent is a small place and talk gets about; in Germany,

LETTER

Italy, Spain, among others, business is very bad. Of all the countries affected by the war—all of whom except old-fashioned France went through Bolshevism, near-bankruptcy, or dictatorship—France alone, having undergone none of these momentary benefits, is now enjoying the ultimate reward.

SINCE the Musée du Louvre lately accepted, in all innocence, a donation of two Watteaus that turned out to be a couple of Quillards—a fourth-rate dauber of that gallant and expensive period—the question of falsification of signed canvases is momentarily a hot one. Nor are Watteau and the Louvre the only sufferers. Some seven years ago Othon Friesz discovered in a Montparnasse gallery six Othon Frieszes that he had never laid eyes on before. The case has finally come to court. In the very same investigation, "apocryphal" paintings (as they were called in the docket) by Raoul Dufy, Vlaminck, Marquet, and other Luxembourgistes, were also discovered—and about time. Judging from the numbers of their works hanging in all the Left Bank galleries, specious Modiglianis and Utrillos must also abound, or else the artists themselves never took a Sunday or their smocks off in their lives. If even half the canvases assigned to the dozen best-selling minor painters of Paris were all genuine, the fecundity of their creators would still be commercially too great. The facility with which certain moderns can be imitated is an indication not only of the high technical efficiency of modern imitators but also of the monotonous style of those imitated. It has been said of the half-dozen best-selling minor artists of today that each could give a representative fifty-picture exposition with the aid of one painting and forty-nine mirrors.

THE Abbaye de Pontigny in the Yonne is open again. This remarkable estate of forty acres, with its eleventh-century buildings, is still placed at the service of international students by the desire of its owner, the head of the Abbaye group—Paul Desjardins, who, with André Maurois, Roger Martin du Gard, and André Siegfried, among others, still envisages talk as an important promenade toward truth in the life of man. The summer retreat is open in periods of ten days, in which the inhabitant has the responsibility only of appearing on time at

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"You'd be surprised," replied the sprightly Sophia. "With a rasping voice like yours, love is likely to fly out of the window and land on the back of its neck. What our love needs is insurance."

"What insurance?" he wondered.

"The insurance of OLD GOLDS, boy friend. Throat-ease and tender tones caused by the mellow mild, heart-leaf tobacco; vocal cords that act without a struggle; no tickle, scratch or scrape. OLD GOLD yourself, Marmie, and we shall be inseparable. There's not a bark in a billion."

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meals (culled from the Abbey's own kine and kitchen garden) and of keeping his ears open to words let fall from such men as Paul Valéry, André Gide, and other leaders of France who come and go like abbots in this, the only clerical haven left in twentieth-century France. Two fine libraries and the resources of the nearby University of Dijon are at the beck of the intellectuals, plus the pleasures of a countryside which includes the spiritual and physical foods of Beaune, Auxerre, Vézelay, and Avallon.

Pontigny itself is one of the fine curiosities left from the Cistercian monks, a low group—compared to the snobbish Cluniacs and brilliant Bénédictins—who were content to work in low lands. The drainers and mosquito-ridders of France, they were indeed holy men, as is exemplified by the Marais-Poitevin, the great marshland once cleared by them which still supports cows that go to pasture in boats. The Abbaye de Pontigny exemplifies something equally old—the essentially critical, discursive quality of the best of the French literary minds.

—GENÊT

•

CUL-DE-SAC

The central figure of this verse
Was decidedly not a Spartan;
He ran away from an obdurate nurse,
And he fled from kindergarten,
And because he wouldn't obey the rules,
And couldn't decline the neuter,
He ran away from a number of schools
And a specially hired tutor.
He ran away from home, and said
His flights were "self-expression,"
And he fled his job, and he fled and fled
Till fleeing became an obsession.
And he fled discretion, and then his wife,
And after a lickerish revel,
One morning he fled from a headache and life,
And into the arms of the Devil.

The Devil was brief. "We shall play a game,"
He announced, "that ought to delight you.
I flourish a fork, and you run from the same,
And I unceasingly smite you.
We'll start right now on our little chase,
And, boy, you'd better pray, too,
For there isn't any other place
That you can run away to!"

—TED ROBINSON, JR.

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THE TENNIS COURTS

Trials at White Sulphur —Tilden and the Cup— Way Back in 1920

MR. JOSEPH W. WEAR, the chairman of the Davis Cup Committee, was seated near a radiator in the Casino at White Sulphur Springs, where the trials for the team to represent the United States abroad this summer were taking place. That morning was the coldest April day Virginia had ever known. Outside on the court two players shivered between rallies in a glacial wind. Even to watch them made one chilly. Mr. Wear turned a contemplative glance away from the courts.

"What," he said, "would you do?"

That was an easy one. What would I do were I the chairman of the Davis Cup Committee and asked to choose a team this year? I would promptly commit suicide.

THE situation that confronts Mr. Wear and his friend Mr. Dixon, the captain of the team that will go to France, is something like this. The French side is in apparent disruption. Cochet is at odds with the French Tennis Federation, Lacoste is out of tennis for the year, and Borotra has suffered a series of defeats at the hands of second-rate players all winter. In other words, a great chance arises for the United States to win the Cup. Much, however, depends on the personnel of the team. Whom shall Mr. Wear select?

As possibilities he has the following players: Doeg, Lott, Allison, Van Ryn, Mercur, and Bell. For singles Doeg is out of the question, because he has been too lazy to learn a proper forehand drive. Lott also is out of the question, because he has been too lazy to learn a proper backhand. Mercur's game lacks sufficient punch and Bell has unfortunate court manners. This is not flattery, but it is fact. To claim more for young promise than young promise holds is to do all concerned a disservice.

THE trials at White Sulphur showed two things: first, that of the

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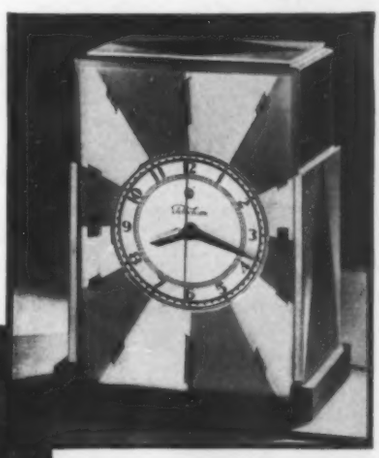

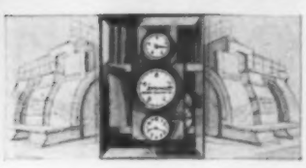

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electric time-keepers

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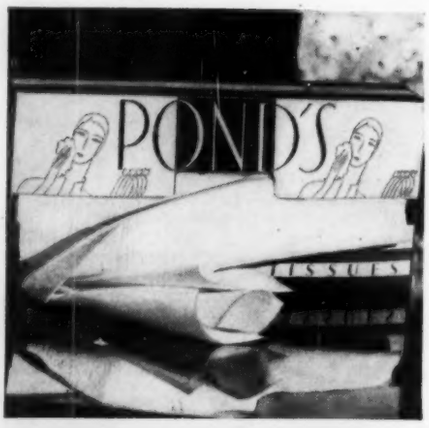
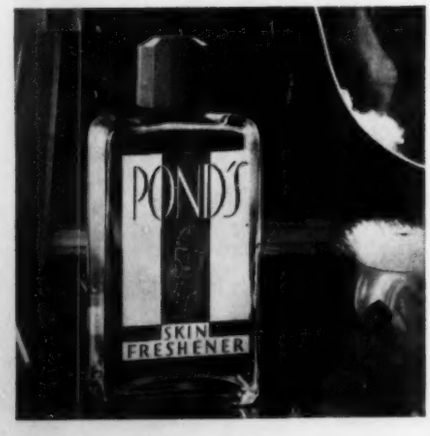
"We'll swap together."

(chorus) "POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES"
"POND'S SKIN FRESHENER"





ALL the smart young things are passing around these beauty hints—that Pond's Tissues remove cold cream and dirt immaculately; and Pond's Freshener does away with that oily look completely.

Dazzlingly white, spotlessly pure, luxuriously soft, Pond's absorbent Tissues *lift* cream and dirt from the skin. Use and discard until they show no soil.

These dainty tissues have many other uses, too . . . as handkerchiefs for colds . . . as paper napkins . . . for wrapping fine silver . . they're indispensable in the home.

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younger players only Allison has strengthened and consolidated his game since last year; second, the lot are so evenly matched that if the tournament were replayed tomorrow, the chances are ten to one Allison and Van Ryn would not be the finalists. Any one of those named on any given day may defeat any of the others; and all lack one essential factor in the makeup of a tennis champion.

That one factor is the thing all great players of the world have had—tennis brains. Tennis brains are not the same thing as brains apart from sport. Tilden and Richards are brainy off the court and in action, whereas some champions have been helpless when separated from a tennis racquet. Every great star, however, has possessed tennis brains: that ability to think rapidly and decisively in a tense rally, to think a little faster than the other man in a hard match, to switch your tactics and change your game the exact second it is necessary, to apply pressure just when it should be applied; always, in short, to be mentally one jump ahead of your opponent. "The French champion on the game field," says the Abbé Dimnet, "if he happens to be dull elsewhere, will be an object of amused wonderment rather than admiration." Most of our young athletes today lack mental distinction both in sport and in ordinary life.

PERHAPS this is what makes Mr. Wear's task so difficult. For he must know, as everyone who knows the French is well aware, that even capable players like Allison and Van Ryn will be cannon fodder for the acute Borotra and Cochet. So, if he conceives that this year is our one great chance to win the Cup, what on earth is he to do? Nothing except call on our Mr. Tilden.

"Beeg Beel," as the French affectionately call him—and inasmuch as he has been an international setup for their Messieurs Cochet and Lacoste since 1927, it is easy to understand that affection—is with us again. In spirit, I mean. For of course no word of his playing has passed between Mr. Wear and himself, and I have this on the authority of the former gentleman. Despite Bill's oft-reiterated statements that he was through with international competition, one has the feeling that when the war gods dance he will be persuaded to enter the lists once more. Who, I wonder, will persuade him? That I cannot say for sure; but I rather suspect that a chap named Tilden

will have a hand in the persuading.

My own feeling, however, is that if Mr. Wear contemplates playing Tilden, he is making a mistake. For depend upon this, Cochet will snap out of his tantrums when the foeman appears at the gate, and Jean Borotra in July is by no means the Jean Borotra of early spring. I would rather see the younger players, with all their defects —defects which I have tried honestly to assess—thrown into action to lose, rather than win, with older men. Winning the Davis Cup is of small importance. Training young players is of great importance; and I fail to see how that is to be accomplished with a veteran like Tilden in the lineup.

IN clear, crystal-like sunshine the Davis Cup trials at White Sulphur began; so they ended. From the welter of matches one picture will remain fixed in my memory. Not George Lott's inimitable clowning, not Emmett Pare making the deftest of stop volleys with his steel racquet, not Beals Wright, our former National champion umpiring while Doeg, the inheritor of his chop stroke, went down to defeat before the well-rounded game of Wilmer Allison, not Berkeley Bell playing bridge with Charlie Schwab in the hotel, nor Wallis Merrihew sitting upon a line from noon until nearly dark during the semi-finals, nor Doeg smacking a prodigious drive from the first tee on the golf course—no, none of these things will I remember long. What this tournament did was to resurrect a picture of our Davis Cup team of years ago; to make me realize the vast gap which separates the champions of 1920 from those of 1930. Tilden, Johnston, Richards, and Williams; we shall not soon look upon their like again. Not merely the greatest Davis Cup team this country ever produced; but possibly the four greatest players ever gathered together under one captain. May it not be that we are asking a little too much of the youngsters of the present time? —JOHN R. TUNIS

•

CHICAGO, March 31.—Three gunmen, posing as census takers, gained admittance this evening to the home of Mrs. Lottie Brenner von Buelow, and after binding and blindfolding Mrs. von Buelow, her estranged husband, Count Enrique von Buelow, and four other members of the household, escaped with jewelry valued at more than $50,000.—*The Times.*

Nothing brings two people together like a holdup.

Tribal Tales

OF THE ALGONQUIN

THERE *are so many incidents, anecdotes and sagas connected with* THE ALGONQUIN *that have helped to give that noted inn its peculiarly individual character, that the minstrel appointed to sing its lays hardly knows where to begin. But a start must be made somewhere, so we'll lead off with:*

No. 1

The Last Three who Came

THERE is a rule at The Algonquin that every clerk, waiter and bell boy must be able to address guests by name. On one occasion a bell hop overflowing with zeal to prove that he knew his traditions said to the proprietor, "We are getting quite a lot of literary people the last few days Mr. Case."

"Really?" questioned the boss.

"Why yes" returned the boy "last night Mark Twain registered, the night before William Makepeace Thackeray and tonight Edgar Allan Poe has just gone upstairs."

Having a suspicion that these illustrious three were at that moment inhabiting even more celestial realms than his own inn, Case inquiring of the night clerk learned that Frank Ward O'Malley had been seen about for several nights, which explained everything.

(*Next Week* "THE PLAYERS AND THE CHRISTMAS DINNER")

P. S. It is one thing to attract people to a hotel. It is quite another thing to *keep* them coming. Being able to sit in the same dining room with stars of the literary and theatrical firmaments won't provide much nourishment if the food and service aren't up to par. Good cooking (with an extra man in the crow's nest to watch out for the coffee) is the real reason why celebrities like to dine at The Algonquin.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN

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IN THE CENTRE OF EVERYTHING

THE RACE TRACK

Gallant Fox a Gallant Colt—
Sarazen II's Paumonok—Chouette

ALMOST everybody one met at Jamaica last Saturday remarked "Well, we shall see the winner of the Kentucky Derby under colors this afternoon," to which I agreed. Of course, first impressions are not always the best, but, looking back on the Wood Stakes, I believe Gallant Fox will win the Preakness at Pimlico, May 9, the Kentucky Derby—if he runs for it—and the Belmont Stakes, his ultimate objective. The true value of his performance, so far as it bears on the classics to come, lies in the fact that the son of Sir Gallahad III alone was running on at the finish, Desert Light being dead-beat a quarter of a mile from home, and Spinach down the course. His showing was also reflected in the almost immediate cutting in half of his odds in the future books on the Derby.

GALLANT FOX has not grown a great deal over the winter, but he has filled out and carries an abundance of muscle in the right places. He is a magnificent specimen of a thoroughbred, though I must confess his conformation is less that of a stayer than his half-brother's, Petee-Wrack. Gallant Fox and Sande, who rode him, were rarin' to go and broke the tapes several times. The race unfolded quickly. While Crack Brigade led, Gallant Fox was pinned in on the rails by Gold Brook and Desert Light for nearly half a mile, and for a few breathless seconds seemed in difficulty. Sande gave him a breather before he joined the leader a quarter of a mile from home, where he came away in a canter. To the crowd the race was quite as much a triumph for Sande, who had not ridden on the New York tracks since the autumn of 1928. It was a happy return for the popular jockey, although for skill Laverne Fator's handling of E. F. Sanford's Lindy earlier in the afternoon quite overshadowed him.

WHEN Gallant Fox came strolling away from his field, William Woodward's face lighted up with delight over his victory. "He's a nice colt, isn't he?" he said. Racing men do not go into superlatives. Then he hurried through the crowd to the paddock, watched his horse being carefully loaded into a van, and followed him in his automobile to the barn at Aqueduct.

OWNERS of all the runners for the Paumonok Handicap, with the exception of Mrs. Virginia Fair Vanderbilt, joined the paddock inspection on the opening day of the meeting; then her Sarazen II proceeded to win by half a dozen lengths, a remarkable performance for a three-year-old who was giving weight, by the scale, to everything in the race but Polydor. No horse could have won in better style. Sarazen II was far from favored in the straggling start, but the moment he was asked to run, he bounded to the front. Judge Schilling, following on, just lasted to beat Distraction. Polydor, who was much admired before the race, tired; and High Strung, who

. . the Cook had been exhorted

. . the butcher had been threatened. The French sauce prayerfully prepared by the hostess' own hands. And it had not been in vain. Never had dinner gone so smoothly—so perfectly.

Now as her guests drifted from the formality of the dining room to the charming coziness of this little corner and the coffee appeared, her mind was triumphantly at ease. There was, she knew, no need for concern about the coffee. It would be a fitting climax—a deft finishing touch—to the most successful of dinner parties.

Inwardly she blessed the moment she had discovered the delicious aroma and delightful flavor of Beech-Nut Coffee.

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And you will want to visit many of the quaint and beautiful out-of-the-way places — linger among the historic glories of London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, and enjoy their bright gaiety.

Cook's can help you do best what you yourself want to do. There is the individual, independent service to meet your budget—your special convenience. Or you can choose a Group Tour out of an immense variety of itineraries.

A special feature this summer is the Passion Play at Oberammergau; applications for seats and other accommodations should be made now.

Cook's maintain 200 offices in Europe alone, waiting to serve you and give you the benefit of their 89 years' experience.

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tried to kick the safety pins loose from his bandages in the paddock, lived up to his name at the post and was as good as left.

AS Diogenes Checkpoints and Pierre Larousse inform me, a *chouette* is a brown, or barnyard, owl; but Mrs. Vanderbilt's two-year-old by Bubbling Over is named for a kibitzer—the third hand in backgammon. Chouette, the colt, caused quite a flutter in the ring and much disappointment in the stand on the opening day at Jamaica, but we saw him turn the tables on Mrs. Victor Emanuel's High Day in their next meeting in the Colorado Stakes last Saturday.

Another two-year-old who passed paddock scrutiny and found favor was Walter Salmon's Mad Career—a strong and compactly made colt by Mad Hatter-Cicuta—who resembles markedly his three-quarters brother, Display, whose name was anathema to starters. Mad Career has speed and smooth action, but small eyes, and I noticed a trace of Display's temper in his behavior at the barrier.

"I WON the last race of last season with St. Marco, and the first this year with Polygamous," Henry McDaniel told me. McDaniel has a stable of fit horses, as is shown by his saddling five winners in as many days. A word for Flying Heels: The colt is training well, but Gifford Cochran won't decide until his return from abroad this week whether to run him for the Kentucky Derby. The Honourable George prefers Flying Heels at 20–1 to Gallant Fox at 4–1.

ALL in a day at Jamaica: Bob Gerry dodging High Strung's heels. . . . Harry Sinclair wishing for another Zev. . . . Judge McQuade getting the figures. . . . Morton and Charlie Schwartz conferring. . . . Jimmie Cooley and Lester Doctor also conferring. . . . Father Bill Daley's new spring overcoat. . . . Coley Madden being an outside man. . . . Ogden Mills joining the paddock marching club. . . . Fred Johnson's Palm Beach tan. . . . The weather—colder. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Miss Edythe Seymour Clark, daughter of Mrs. Howard Gates Clark, of 975 Park Lane, will be carried on the afternoon of April 21 to Mr. John Jacob Gunther, of 48 East 81 Street, in Christ Church.—*The World.*

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OPEN SESAME

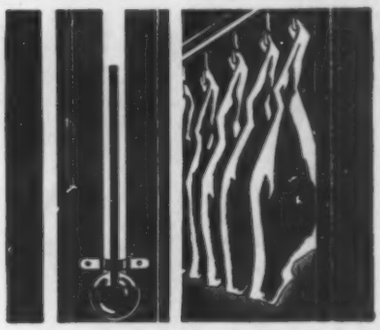
THE arrival of your trunk which you haven't seen for a week. The easy assurance with which you begin to open it. The discovery that you have lost the key. The desperate search. The despair. The renewed hunt. The abandonment of hope. The unsuccessful attempt to unscrew the lock with the aid of a nail-file. The rage. The surrender. Your travelling dress which is beginning to look a trifle seedy. Your other clothes which you remember as being strikingly attractive. The telephone call to the lock company. The serene assurance with which you explain that the key to your trunk doesn't work and you'd like a new one, immediately. Your modest pride at being able to give the lock number. The frosty voice that says Mr. Parkins will talk to you as soon as he is free.

The long wait for Mr. Parkins. The retelling of your story. The feeling that he is far from sympathetic. The tendency to stammer and go into unnecessary detail. His cold inquiry as to whether you have a bill of sale for the trunk. The impulse to explain that you don't even know where it was bought, as it was given to you seven years ago by a benevolent relative. The feeling that this story, though true, would not impress a man of Mr. Parkins' warped nature. His reluctant statement that if you get an affidavit signed and witnessed by a notary public he will be forced to give you a key.

THE rage. The humiliation. The strong sense of being about to do something slightly unethical. Your lack of knowledge concerning the true nature of affidavits. Your complete ignorance of the haunts and habits of notaries public. The paying teller at your bank, who turns out to be a notary and very obliging. His amazing willingness to believe your story, which now sounds to you like the clumsy invention of an inexperienced housebreaker. The large sheet of paper. The bewilderment. The ink stains. The resulting document, a little odd and probably not quite legal. The obliging witnesses. The official seal. The returning selfconfidence. The trip downtown. The carefully planned speech that is courteous but distinctly cool.

The office of the lock company. The gloom. The threatening atmosphere. The slight loss of poise, owing to Mr. Parkins' grimly suspicious manner. The

THIS YEAR...IT'S EUROPE



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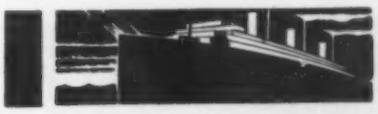

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shattering realization that he considers your affidavit questionable and your appearance far from reassuring. His statement that he can't give you the key now because it is at the factory. The implication that he would prefer not to give it to you under any circumstances. The passionate longing to tell him that he needn't bother. The reflection that this would not be wise or practical. The weak-kneed promise to come back at half-past five.

THE cold, increasing irritation. The return at four-thirty. The rare but rather dangerous mood in which you are not to be trifled with. Your astonishment at being told that the key is ready. The vague disappointment at finding that Mr. Parkins, though lacking in charm, is almost amiable. His pious explanation that he has to protect clients by not giving keys to unscrupulous persons. The intense relief at being promoted from the latter class into the former. The understanding. The amazing cordiality. The grateful but hurried departure. The tendency to behave as though the key were a cross between the Distinguished Service Medal and the Kohinoor diamond. The certainty that if you lose this one you'll never have another because to go through the experience again would probably mark you for life.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

TO MY SMALL SON, IN CHURCH

In the brief span of half an hour, not more,
You have constructed paper hats, and ships,
Managed to drop my purse upon the floor,
Reduced the bulletin to ragged strips—
And from what next may fire your nimble mind,
I shrink with a maternal apprehension.
Most certainly in church, my son, I find
Monotony the mother of invention!

Now, shorn of hymnal and collection folder,
The final hope of occupation gone,
Your interest, if possible, grows colder.
And conversation being frowned upon,
You glance despairingly at me, and yawn,
Slide glumly down, and sleep against my shoulder.

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

THE SKY LINE

Black and Silver—Standardization—A Doorway in the Avenue—Search

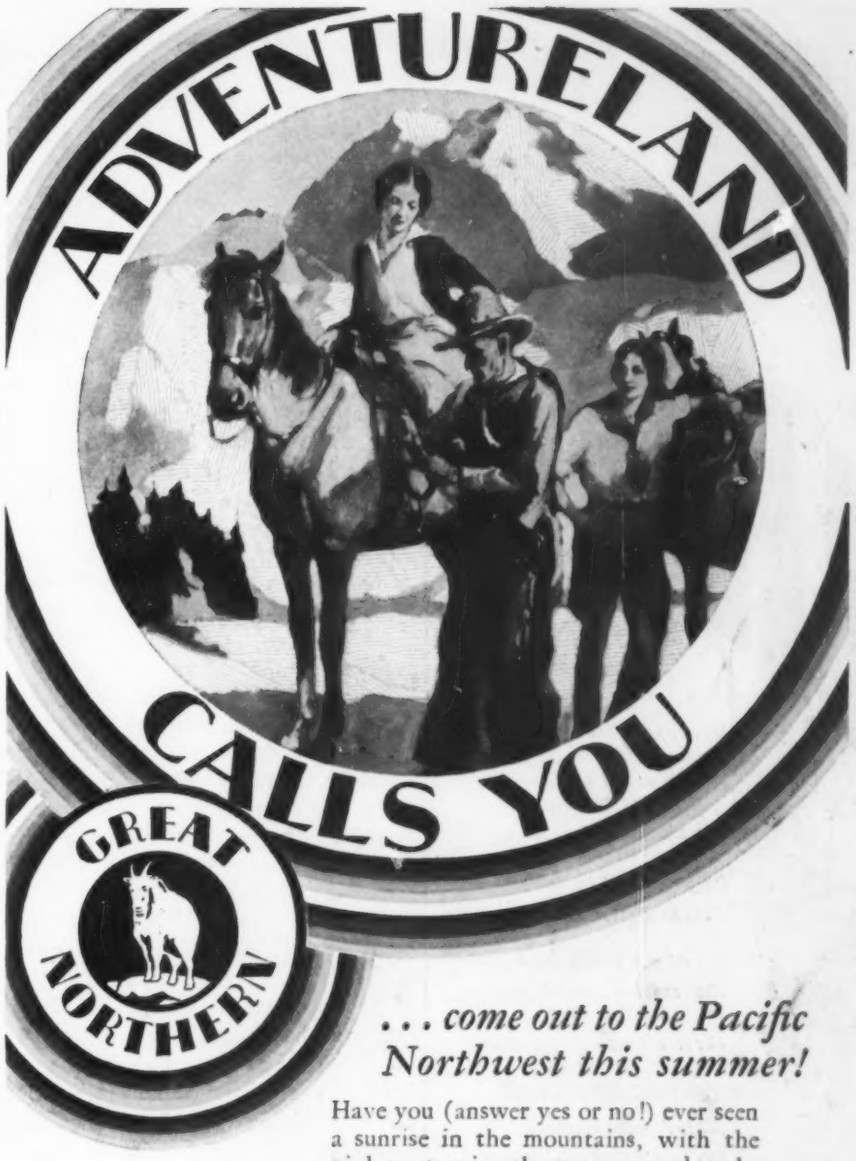
WE have just visited the new branch of the Title Guarantee & Trust Company at 6 East Forty-fifth Street, a new building by John Mead Howells. On the whole the design is a simple one, and in the detail of the metalwork which frames and divides the large windows of the lower floors it shows a slight tendency toward modernism.

These lower floors which enclose the Trust Company's offices are veneered on the exterior with what looks like polished black marble flecked with glints and dashes of azure blue. We presume this is a synthetic material; but whatever it is, we are rather fed up with it, for it seems to be the standard treatment for lower stories these days. Our architects seem to be seeing black. On the Fuller Building, on the Chrysler, on the Title Guarantee & Trust Company building—everywhere, in fact—you find this sombre color scheme. It is smart enough, to be sure, but it is also a bit depressing when it is used in such large quantities.

The interior of the new office seemed rather cold, with its silver ceiling and severely simple steel grilles, but it has an efficient air that is appropriate enough for a bank.

THE new office building at 501 Madison Avenue is unusually pleasant in color. On the superstructure a warm, tan brick is used with a terra-cotta trim in the form of long, convex, fluted pilasters. These are slightly deeper in tone than the brickwork. Above the main shaft the setback arrangement is vigorous and effective. Moreover, the dark green of the marble which frames the two lower floors is a gratifying change from the traditional black to which we have already referred.

The structure is simple and commercial but very pleasing. It has individuality. One of the reproaches that can fairly be aimed at the modern style, with its suppression of ornament, is that designs tend to become standard. It is possible to say of many a new building, "I have seen that before in



. . . come out to the Pacific Northwest this summer!

Have you (answer yes or no!) ever seen a sunrise in the mountains, with the pink sun turning the snow-capped peaks to strawberry ice cream?

Have you ever shouted with unashamed glee at the morning smell of coffee over a campfire, with the scent of the pines as a sort of aromatic obbligato?

Have you ever donned chaparejos and sombrero and nonchalantly mounted a western cayuse for a morning's ride along a trail chiseled out of a mountainside, three Chrysler Buildings above a meandering brook?

Out in the Northwest Adventureland people are doing it every day with gusto. You ought to try it . . . good for you, and good fun! The new *Empire Builder* and the luxurious *Oriental Limited* every day deposit crowds of anticipant Easterners at the portals of Adventureland: Glacier Park, Mount Baker, Mount Rainier, the Columbia River country; Alaska.

Quick—'phone M. M. Hubbert, Great Northern agent (Volunteer 0144-5-6-7, 595 Fifth Ave.) for pictures, books, etc., etc.

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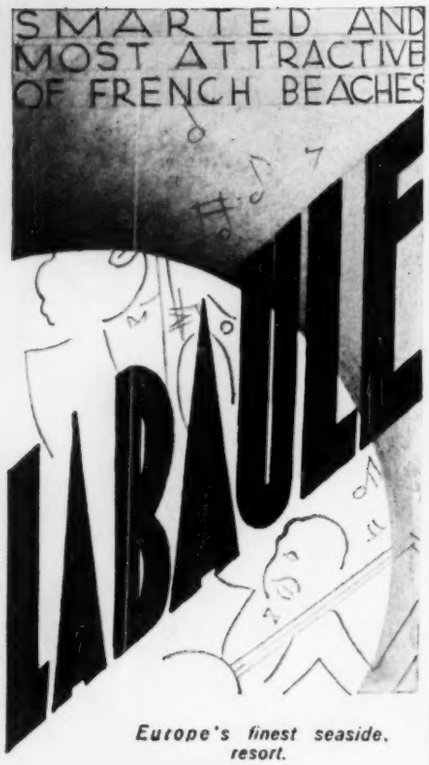

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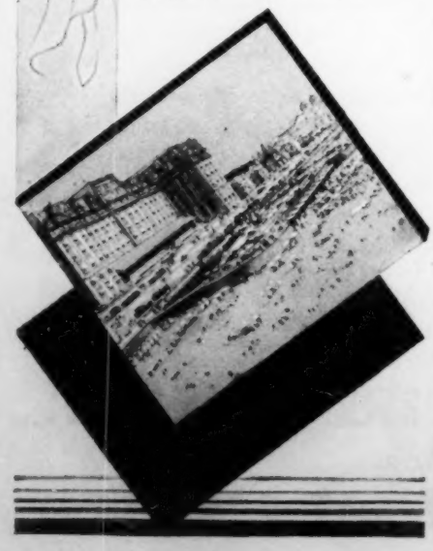

twenty different places." It would be hard to say that justly of No. 501 Madison.

This building was designed by Robert D. Kohn, with Frank E. Vitolo as associate architect.

AN exceptionally smart little shop front is that of Elizabeth Arden at 691 Fifth Avenue. Here again black marble is used to frame the entrance and the two narrow show windows, but it is skillfully contrasted with the white marble which surrounds the door and appears again in two medallions over the windows. The design has a fine balance and distinction. The proportions are sensitively felt throughout and the red of the door is a striking and effective note. It is worth while, also, to look at the small grilles under the windows. They have just the right classic quality for this composition.

Only one thing disturbed us. Both the design and the color scheme are at complete variance with the Aeolian Building, of which they are an integral part. They completely disrupt the continuity and harmony of the main floor of this charming structure, which seems something of a pity.

The Aeolian Building was designed by Warren & Wetmore. As we recall it, Whitney Warren's famous Battle of Louvain was waged principally to establish the architect's right to have his design remain untouched by alien hands. We wonder how he feels about this distinctly foreign note that has been introduced into one of his most successful achievements.

SPEAKING of Warren & Wetmore, who also designed the Stewart Building a little farther up the Avenue, we understand that since the Stewart Building has been taken over by Bonwit Teller, the new owners wish to remove the rather extreme doors of the establishment and are at present looking about for a motion-picture-palace owner who could use them to advantage. —T-SQUARE

•

ISTAMBUL, Turkey (AP)—"God sent me to Turkey at a critical moment when the nation was turning from Islam to drink," Agnes Slack, secretary of the World's Women Christian Temperance Union, who is here to organize the first Turkish branch of the W.C.T.U., said today.—*New London (Conn.) Day.*

We trust you arrived safe and on time.

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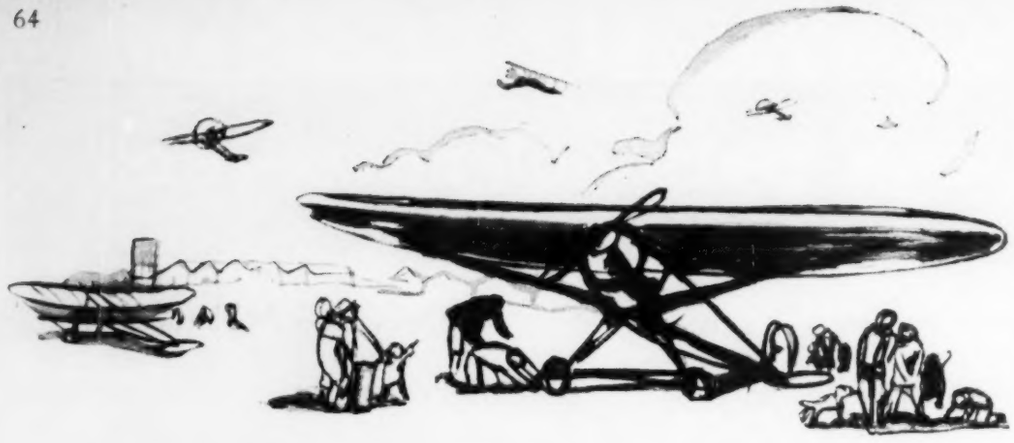


THE AVIATION SHOW

Yachts and Buses—Commutation Planes — Art Takes to the Air

A GREATER use of metal bodies and closed cockpits, and some intelligent attempts to decorate the interiors of planes, are the principal tendencies in modern airplane construction to be seen at the Aircraft Salon, which opens this Saturday at Madison Square Garden and continues through May 10.

Unless one has been following aviation with the scrutiny of the professional or the addict, a good part of the exhibits at the Garden will seem wholly new. This is the first time since 1920 that the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce—in other words, the manufacturers—has sponsored a show in New York, which accounts for the fact that it contains many more models and unusual types than have been seen here in the exhibitions of the past few years.

Packard's Diesel engine, which has neither carburetor, magneto, nor spark plugs, now makes its first bow in New York. It uses a low-grade fuel and has few gadgets to get out of order. There is also the Fokker F-32, a huge transport plane—to hold thirty passengers—with four Hornet motors, a galley, a smoking cabin, and tapestried walls. This was decorated by A. Lincoln Cooper of General Motors. Isotta's 18-cylinder 1,000-horsepower engine will fascinate amateur theorists, for it suggests that any number of cylinders may be used in the future; and the commuting public will find interest in the six air buses (Condor, Ford, Sikorsky, Commodore, *et al.*) used by the transportation lines.

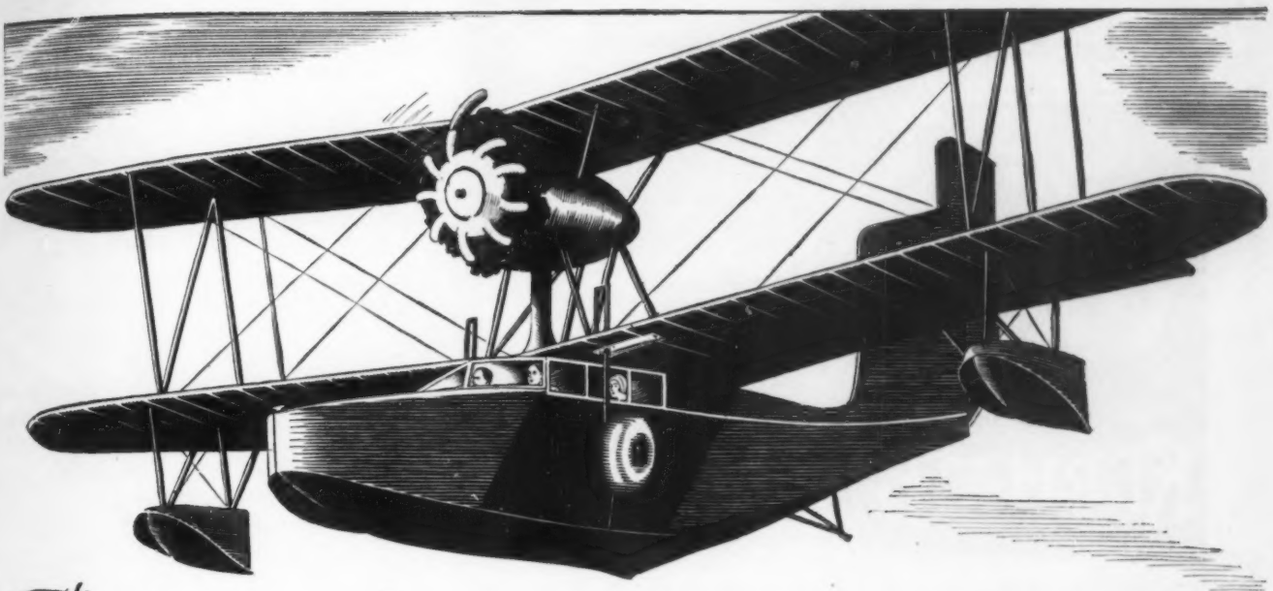
With exceptions here and there, we find less indications of progress than might be hoped for. Altitude instruments still do not function instantaneously and there is as yet no device for measuring sidewise motion accurately under all conditions. When these improvements have been made, it will be easier to chart a course and fog will cause less worry. The gyro principle appears to be standing pat, and the trick-wing planes which are supposed to provide easier take-offs and landings are noticeably absent. Plenty of experimental planes are being built and tested at various places; the function of this show is to offer tested products that are ready to be sold.

PERSONS who are looking for a small plane in which to commute to Montauk will find a large selection in the Curtiss-Wright exhibit. Here there are two Travel-Airs with Whirlwind engines, one having an open body and the other a six-place enclosed cabin. There are also two trim Robins built in the shape of a pike; one with a Challenger engine and the other with an OX. The torpedo-like Moth is likewise on view in this exhibit, equipped with a Gipsy motor. What caught our eye, however, was the Keystone Commuter, distinctly built in three levels and looking like the angel fish down at the Aquarium. The Whirlwind engine is carried aloft, then come the biplane wings and below them the body; the huge rudder is built in sections. At the base are two small retractable wheels with balloon tires. In all, a novel effect.

For sheer swank, and for utility in a seaboard neighborhood such as this, it would be hard to beat the fourteen-passenger Savoia-Marchetti seaplane, which has a cabin with wicker chairs in each of the twin hulls and a pilot's compartment in the centre section of the wing. Two tandem motors are mounted at the top; the plane is guided with a triple rudder. The same house is showing a three-place amphibian which is a duplicate of those used by New York's police patrol.

INTERIOR design is still causing much controversy, and showing signs of uncertainty. At present the struggle lies between the use of automobile and yacht construction, with little that is original in furniture or furnishings emerging. Those who favor motor-car equipment will like the Stinson, Jr., four-place enclosed plane, which has automobile hardware, non-shatterable window and door glass, broadcloth upholstery, pockets in the doors, and two heaters in the floor. Many planes are following the example set by the automobile in their use of color. The Stearman Business Speedster, a cylindrically shaped affair, is painted orange and black. The Junior Speedmail of the same house is somewhat larger and suggests a tropical parrot in its coloring of purple, yellow, blue, and black. Incidentally, this has a removable metal plate on the bottom of the body, which aids in making adjustments. The seats are high-backed and there are two luggage compartments.

The new Model F Waco also suggests an automobile with its molding along the sides of the body. A rather useful item in this biplane is the inclusion of dual-control brakes which can be operated from either the front or rear seat, and which also can be disconnected in either compartment



They're OFF!

UP RIVER, down river, by boat and rail and car, 80,000 sportsmen are heading for the Downs. For it's Derby Day in Louisville and it wouldn't do to miss this classic of the turf in Old Kentucky.

In this race to see the race we'll back Commuter, a thoroughbred amphibian, a winged sea-horse of a plane, trained by Loening for fast work on any track, whether it be wet or dry.

Here is a cabin plane in which four horsemen can follow the races, swiftly, privately, comfortably. You take off from either land or water on your estate. In a few hours you cover what would otherwise be a tedious overnight trip. Rested and refreshed, you alight at French Lick or West Baden within easy reach of Churchill Downs.

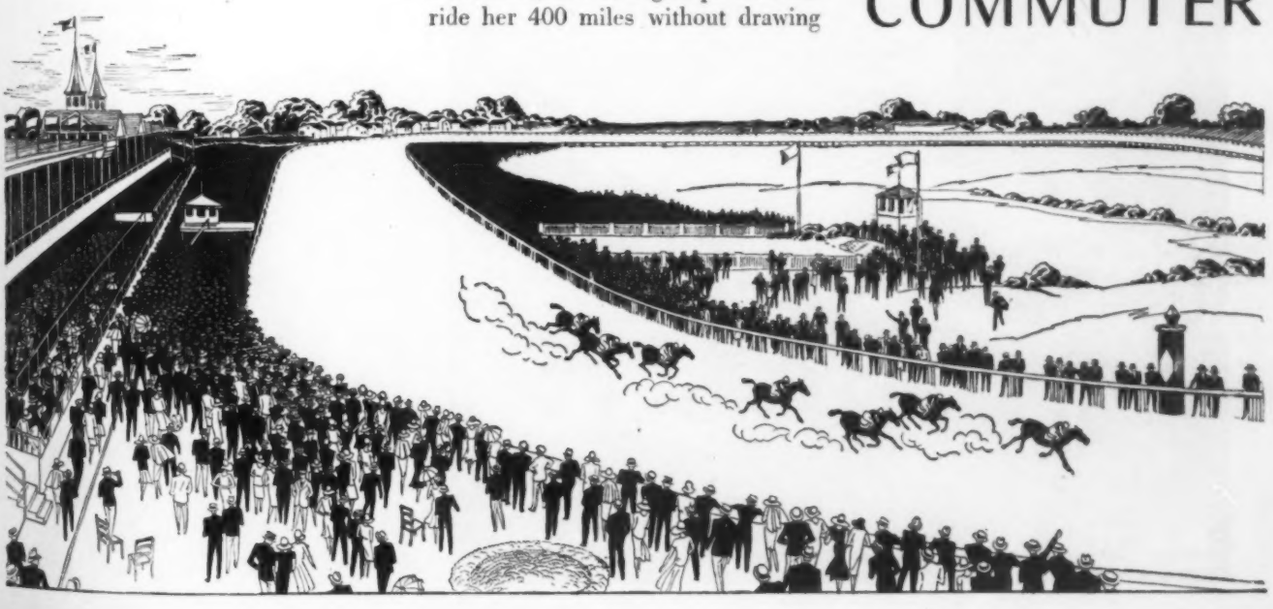
On Derby Day you can fly your party over the Knobs to Louisville in half an hour. There's a Curtiss-Wright paddock at Bowman Field where they can groom your Commuter for the return trip. Or you can alight and anchor on the river. In either case you will win the race home, after the Derby, for you will leave everyone else at the post.

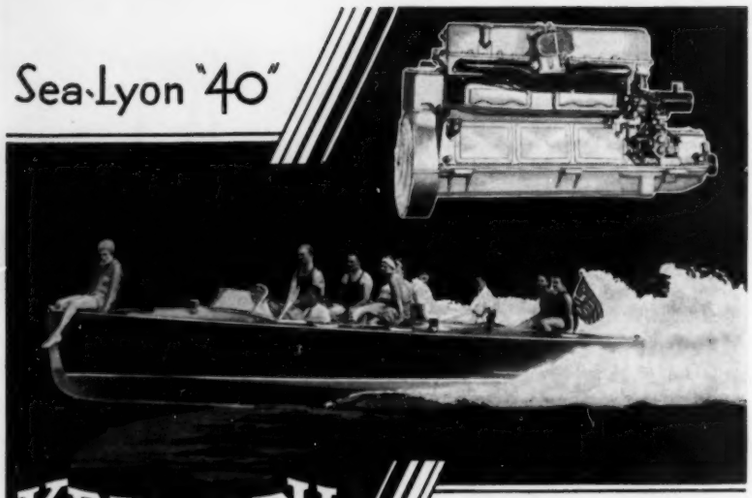
Judge this amphibian as you would a horse. Rate her on conformation, speed, stamina, action, disposition. With her 300 H. P. Wright Whirlwind engine she can do 90 miles an hour at a canter, 110 at a gallop. You can ride her 400 miles without drawing rein. And she's so easy to handle, a woman can manage her.

Want to ride Commuter? The nearest Curtiss-Wright dealer will gladly bring her over to your place for demonstration. Put her through her paces yourself. Once in the saddle you will soon see why Commuter is the flying sportsman's favorite. Write for booklet, Dept. C-12, Keystone Aircraft Corporation, Division of Curtiss-Wright, 27 West 57th St., New York.

The Commuter will be on display at the
New York Aircraft Salon
Madison Square Garden, May 3 to 11

KEYSTONE-LOENING AMPHIBIAN COMMUTER





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Equipped with a Kermath "225"

In a runabout so fine as the Sea-Lyon "40" brilliant performance of course comes first. Speed—and plenty of it—smooth riding—ease of maneuverability—these are the prime requirements. But after all, economy of operation and maintenance are factors to be reckoned too. So to get the utmost in peppy performance with typical Kermath economy, these boats come powered with the Kermath "225". Downdraft carburetion is only one amongst many outstanding features of this engine. Write for the new catalog descriptive of this and the other members of the Kermath line.

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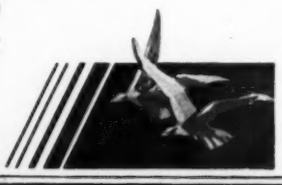
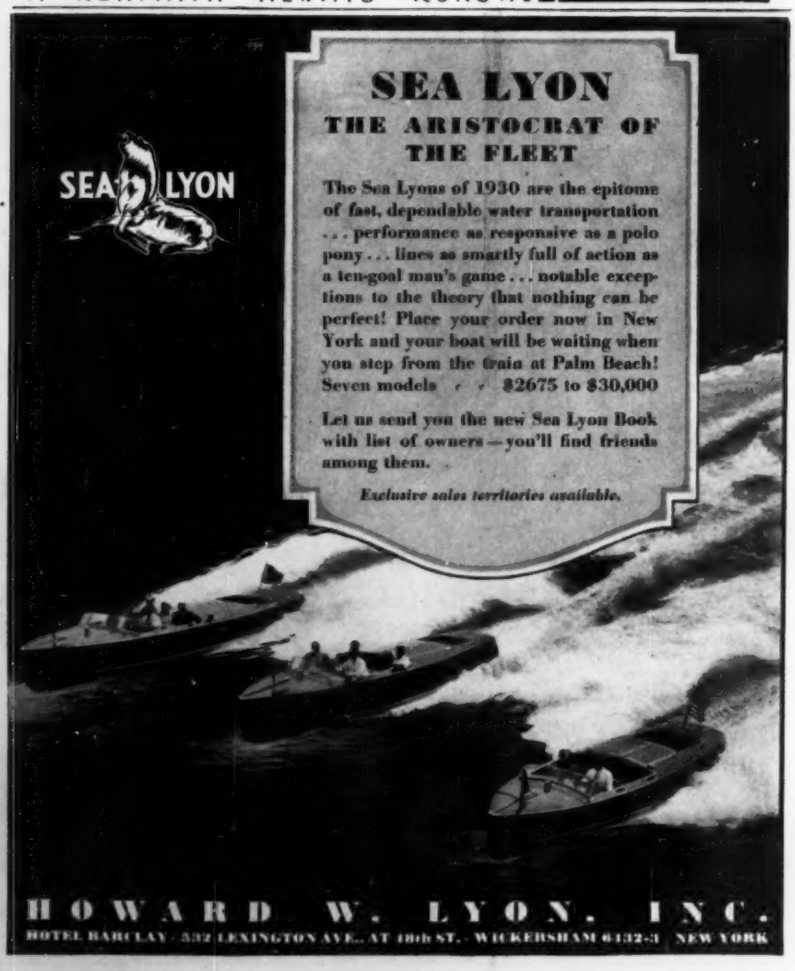


A · KERMATH · ALWAYS · RUNS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SEA LYON
THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE FLEET
The Sea Lyons of 1930 are the epitome of fast, dependable water transportation . . . performance as responsive as a polo pony . . . lines as smartly full of action as a ten-goal man's game . . . notable exceptions to the theory that nothing can be perfect! Place your order now in New York and your boat will be waiting when you step from the train at Palm Beach! Seven models $2675 to $30,000
Let us send you the new Sea Lyon Book with list of owners—you'll find friends among them.
Exclusive sales territories available.
HOWARD W. LYON, INC.
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if necessary. The staggered-wing arrangement allows a clearer view of the ground.

One of the neatest planes in the three-place class is the Aristocrat, made by General Airplanes. One of these went with Byrd to the South Pole. An adroit touch here is the treatment of the molding, which curves like that on the rear deck of a roadster.

WITHOUT wishing to get involved in the metal-versus-fabric-construction debate, we must admit we were pleased by the stunning effects accomplished in aluminum and steel design. The trend in modern art without doubt has been helpful in fostering this type of construction. It looks right today, whereas it would have offended one a few years ago. The Buhl mail plane, for example, gets striking effects with a body made of welded steel tubing. Incidentally in this model the single wing is carried beneath the body, and the Whirlwind engine is cowled for additional speed. Cowling, in our opinion, adds enormously to the appearance of a plane, and it increases its efficiency as well. The Eastman Flying Yacht, exhibited by Detroit Aircraft, has a metal hull; and so has the new four-seater Sikorsky Amphibion. This model, which employs a Pratt & Whitney Wasp, Jr., engine, is a new departure for a firm which previously devoted its attention to big planes. Detroit Aircraft is also displaying a Lockheed Sirius and two Ryans. The rivetted metal sides on the Chance Vought Corsair are a further effective modern touch. Of course Ford's metal ships are familiar to all.

FOR the first time New York will be able to see, in a convenient place,

a number of the gliders which have been receiving so much attention during recent months. Hawley Bowlus, who taught Lindbergh to glide, will show his sailplane. The Franklin Eaglet, in which Captain Hawks was towed across the continent, will be exhibited. The Aeronautical Corporation of America is showing one in monoplane construction equipped with a two-horsepower motor. Gliders, Incorporated, is also showing a number of these air sleds.

NOT the least engaging part of this show is the array of engines, service equipment, and oddities. The radial type of motor has long been prominent; this year vertical-in-line and inverted-in-line designs are also being shown. The 9-cylinder radial of the type made famous by the Wright Whirlwind continues, however, to be the favorite engine. Pratt & Whitney, Kinner, Lycoming, and the Wright Company all show their latest improvements.

Air-cooling has been in general use for some time. The big Isotta and the Curtiss Conqueror, however, are liquid-cooled, thereby proving that as yet there is no established dogma in airplane construction.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

INDEPENDENCE

My life is covered by a dark
  Coöperative pall,
For others strive in my behalf
  Because my hands are small.

I like to do things for myself—
  A rash adventure means
To get away from helping hands
  And open cans of beans.

I love to wander in the rain
  Alone and fancy-free,
Eluding good Samaritans
  Who try to succor me.

A freedom, rubberless and wild,
  I win by ruses foxy.
Take all your kind umbrellas back—
  Who wants to live by proxy?

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

•

James D. Dole favors importation of Bengal tigers to get rid of wild pigs which are causing havoc in mountain forests with their rooting.—*Dispatch from Honolulu.*

Funny nobody thought of that before.

LIPSTICK REDS

the lovely red of lips
repeated at your fingertips

GLAZO NAIL POLISHES TO BLEND WITH YOUR FAVORITE LIPSTICK

THE smartest, newest vogue—tinting fingertips to blend with lovely lips. For the first time made possible by Glazo's Lipstick Reds—three new nail polishes that harmonize, in use, with the most popular lipstick shades.

A dramatic application of the ensemble idea in make-up, for your nails can now repeat in color the shade you favor for your lips.

Flame, Geranium and Crimson—these are Glazo's three new Lipstick Reds. With a *light* lipstick use Glazo Flame, Geranium with a *medium*. And with a *dark* lipstick, use Crimson.

These Lipstick Reds, like all Glazo polishes, are as constant in color as the jewels they set off so well. Always lovely, Glazo retains the same bright charm under any light that shines. Its alluring tone never changes—never disappoints. It is the same by day as by night.

At all smart toilet goods counters Glazo's Lipstick Reds may be seen. Go now and choose your favorite shade—Flame, Geranium or Crimson—to blend with the lipstick you like best.

The Glazo Company, Inc., 191 Hudson St., N.Y.

Perfumed
GLAZO

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When orange blossom dreams come true . . . and all so beautifully recorded in an exquisite *Bridal Portrait en Couleurs by Bachrach*

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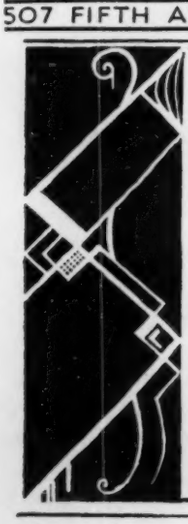

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surroundings

"This is the most attractive modern room I have seen!"—say many visitors to our pent-house galleries. We invite you to see it too. There is nothing complicated in the modern effect. Sometimes it can be created merely by a piece of harmonious furniture. Let us tell you what can be done in your home or office while you are away this summer.

S. P. R. GALLERIES
OF DESIGN AND DECORATION
40 East 49th Street » » New York City

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MUSICAL EVE

The "Rites of Spring" Comes
"Die Glückliche Hand" Makes

IN one of his suave if not too audible post-concert public addresses, Mr. Stokowski divulged to the high-toned audience which jammed the Metropolitan for the ballet program of the League of Composers that the presentation of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" on the stage was the achievement of a long-cherished ambition and that the evening was for him a climax in his career. It was more than that. It was a sad revelation for those who attend opera of how well an orchestra may sound in the Metropolitan pit when Mr. Stokowski is around to lead it, bare-handed or otherwise. It was the first local proclamation of the Stravinsky work with the stage setting that it never had had here, and it was ridiculously far and away the best orchestral performance that the erstwhile shocker ever has had in New York.

I DARE say I ought to devote myself to the fierce, savage, primitive, barbaric (fill in a dozen other adjectives, which you may fish out of any essay on modernist music) aspects of "Le Sacre," but I could find nothing anthropological or viciously profound in it. On the contrary, it is excellent ballet material—the finest I have encountered in a rather grudging series of visits to such goings-on. First of all, and the rest of the way, it is good theatre. It is a show, and Mr. Stokowski treated it with the expert showmanship that it deserves. Is that any way to talk about Stravinsky's music? Well, if he isn't a showman in music, who is?

When "Le Sacre" was performed here without ballet doings, it was about as meaningful as a sound picture without the picture. Some of us managed to imagine things, to read into the orchestral accompaniment all sorts of fanciful messages, but all that we had was a disconnected fragment. The League finally placed "Le Sacre" in its true light by putting it on the boards, and made it plain that the work is a masterpiece of theatre. Much of it is beautiful music *per se*, although that might not have been gathered from some of the pre-Stokowski hearings;

CAL EVENTS

Spring Comes into Its Own — Hand Makes a Curtain-Raiser

but the whole thing is brilliantly successful as ballet.

AS I did not see the original performance of "Le Sacre" in Paris, I do not presume to decide whether the League's version, directed by Léonide Massine (courtesy of S. L. Rothafel, who might find it a good bill for the Roxy Theatre) was *kosher*. Whether it was traditional or homemade, it was effective and entirely intelligible. The young men who participated were surprisingly masculine, and even if there were a few moments when the rhythm of the dance and the accents of the orchestra were looking at the great divide, the choreography was generally agile and precise. Miss Martha Graham, cast as the virgin whose body was offered to Spring, had a fine opportunity to display her merits in *tristesse*, and the incidental soli were handled neatly. The settings and costumes of Nicholas Roerich were excellent, and there were not many mistakes in the lighting.

AS "Le Sacre" is not long enough to occupy a regular session in the theatre, there was a curtain-raiser, "Die Glückliche Hand," by Arnold Schönberg, and it won first prize for *contrafaggotterie* from anything else that ever has been produced hereabouts. The story is one of those allegories about Man being cast down by succumbing to his senses. It had a cast of mimes and a singer, Ivan Ivantzoff, a chorus of seventeen voices (and good ones), and the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Mr. Stokowski in charge. Rouben Mamoulian produced the affair, and Robert Edmond Jones contributed a simple and adequate setting.

The music is an assortment of orchestral tricks and vocal experiments, and probably is just the thing for an allegory. I ought to add that Schönberg's score is loaded with minute stage directions which concern lights, and that these were disregarded with great abandon. That may be an "out" for Schönberg, but "Die Glückliche Hand" is just another stunt, lights or no lights. Mr. Ivantzoff, smeared up with lipstick or something that may have been meant to be blood, sang his thankless music strikingly, and Doris

The Corner Shop

MAPLE

One of the woods expertly used in charming and accurate reproductions

AN interesting example of what can be done with skilled copying of fine old pieces, is the book shelf illustrated above. It is deftly adapted from an Early American plate rack—and now its ample shelves stretch wide to hold dozens and dozens of books, $34.75. The tuckaway table shown is one of a large group of similarly useful little tables, made entirely from top to tip, including hinges and pins, of richly colored maple, $34.75. The custom-made barrel chair, chintz-covered, $129.00.

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34th Street and Broadway, New York

JOHN DAVID
Fashions For Men

Striking

¶That noted New Yorkers procure their clothes at these establishments shows that John David fashions unerringly strike the New York note.

FIFTH AVENUE
AT FORTY-THIRD STREET
BROADWAY
AT THIRTY-SECOND STREET

And Other Easily Reached Stores Throughout Greater New York

Humphrey and Charles Weidman ran through the pantomime with the ease of routined performers.

Anyhow, "Le Sacre" was worth the trouble. —R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

Mr. Richman, Miss Baker, and Not Much Else, Singing—Plenty of Jazz for Your Own Maypoles

IF you're looking for anything much in vocal music, you won't have to waste any great amount of time in the record shops, because the current lists are somewhat feeble in song-singing. It seems to me also that the vocal lists are shorter, if not better; maybe the customers get all the warbling they can digest from the radio or the talkies.

Harry Richman is back with a Brunswick doubling of "On the Sunny Side of the Street" and "Exactly Like You," both of which are stirring affairs. In "Exactly Like You," he achieves a new delicacy, and, all in all, there are indications that somebody has been teaching him how to "cover" his tones. Brunswick also is fortunate in a new Belle Baker disc—"Sing, You Sinners," which is immense, coupled with "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," which isn't. The accompaniments for both the Richman and Baker offerings are exceptional.

If you still want a domestic "What Is This Thing Called Love?" by a tenor, try Seger Ellis on Okeh. This record, by the way, gets the trick beat in the accompaniment which most of its predecessors have missed. For sound-film stuff of a rather good order, there are John Boles' outpouring of "You, You Alone" and "For You," both on Victor.

FOR dancing, there is again a fine choice of discs. Pay your money and take it.

WITHOUT YOU, EMMALINE and A COTTAGE FOR SALE—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. They've sold that cottage a good many times, but this offering will meet with less sales resistance than any so far recorded. The "Emmaline" affair is a fine sample of a slow tempo that doesn't drag. (*Columbia*)

DARK TOWN STRUTTERS' BALL and AFTER YOU'VE GONE—Coon-Sanders Orchestra. Two of the most brilliant revivals in many months. Note particularly the contrast of an old-fashioned piano chorus

"You mean the candle?"
"That's not a candle . . . that's a Waxel."
"What's the difference?"
"Major, you surprise me."

* * * * *

Waxels won't bend over, drip, smoke or smell. The colors are particularly brilliant and lasting. The finish is mar-proofed. Waxels burn much longer than ordinary candles and are far more economical. A box of Waxels costs less than a box of candy, and will last for many dinners—every family can afford to use them every night.

Practically all prominent stores sell Waxels in all sizes and colors. Vassar, Princess and Mayfair shapes. Look for the Waxel label.

Mayfair Vassar Princess

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Waxels
THE FRIENDLY LIGHT

and a highly contemporary orchestration in the strutting. (*Victor*)

CHINA GIRL and SAN SUE STRUT—Casa Loma Orchestra. An excellent band which turns hot without frying itself. (*Okeh*)

'LEVEN-THIRTY SATURDAY NIGHT and COURTIN' TIME—Earl Burtnett and his Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel Orchestra. The "Saturday Night" ditty is light-handed and contains a strangely effective vocal interpolation—of which one doesn't hear many! The other song is agreeable, but the glorification of half an hour before midnight makes this a buy. (*Brunswick*)

A BENCH IN THE PARK and HAPPY FEET—Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra. Fine, juicy orchestrations, a smart tempo, and a few modish effects. In short, Whiteman. (*Columbia*)

SEND FOR ME and TEN CENTS A DANCE—The High Hatters. Two of the best of Rodgers' melodies released so that you can recognize them—a novelty. (*Victor*)

I NEVER DREAMT and ONLY A ROSE—Dr. Eugene Ormandy's Salon Orchestra. The Doctor has a sweetish band that makes fine dance music. Unusually easy listening and still entirely feasible for the feet. (*Okeh*)

THE MOON IS LOW and MONTANA CALL—Roger Wolfe Kahn and his Orchestra. Well-mannered dance numbers, in subdued tints but with plenty of urge. (*Brunswick*)

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE STEIN SONG—Hotel Pennsylvania music. So far, the least cute and most characteristic recording of this bacchic march. (*Durium*)

—POP

•

PROLOGUE TO ANYTHING

(All dramatic, moving-picture, radio, and after-dinner rights reserved, including the Scandinavian.)

Enter Prologue, carrying a herald's trumpet and attired in a complete suit of chain and plate armor, including helmet with visor closed, or in an old-fashioned nightie.

Prologue am I who come to usher in
What shall, we trust, without delay begin,
And, herald-like, I blow the sounding brass
Preparing all for what shall come to pass—
Those episodes that unremitting Fate
Decrees shall presently eventuate.

I hope that no one here will take offence
At anything in what shall soon commence,
But that your loud applause may rend the skies
For what they sent me here to prologize.
Thus, craving your indulgence, I depart
To clear the way for what is now to start.

(Exit)

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes

THIS MEDALLION IS BUT ONE OF THE MARKS OF SUPERIORITY THEY BEAR

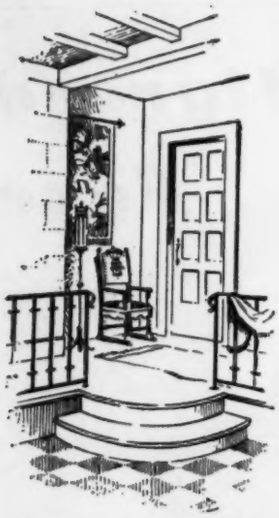
YOUR fur expert can immediately identify a Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox. The fullness and silkiness of fur and the perfection of marking tell him the tale of superiority . . . the result of twenty-one years of scientific straight-line breeding. With the countless nondescript pelts now reaching the market as silver foxes, it is necessary that you, too, should be able to distinguish the aristocrats from the rabble. To make this simple, you will find each of the 4000 Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes available this year marked with a medallion . . . drawing your attention to its natural marks of superiority . . . certifying its worthiness of the pride its purchase implies.

Be sure medallion is intact on the scarf you buy. You remove it—and return it to Fromm Bros. for pedigree certificate describing the scarf you have purchased.

THIS COUPON BRINGS YOU A FASCINATING BOOKLET ON THE STORY OF FROMM. SEND THE COUPON . . . NOW . . . FOR THIS INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE BOOKLET.

FROMM BROS., Hamburg, Wis.
Gentlemen: N.Y. 5-3
Send me booklet on Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes. This entails no obligation on my part.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

FROMM BROS. • HAMBURG • WISCONSIN



Apartments for the *Artistic-minded*

New apartment homes designed with sunken living rooms...wrought iron railings... recessed radiators ...wood-burning fireplaces... casement windows... mechanical refrigeration...high tiled bathrooms.. *plus* the desired practical advantages of a well-constructed home .....at rentals no higher than the customary charge for a stereotyped apartment.

3,4,5,6 and 7 Rooms

September Occupancy.

Write for brochure.

180 East 79th

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC.
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

STORIES OF TODAY

I–SACRILEGE

The French government
Recently discovered
That the caretaker in charge
Of the museum of Napoleonic relics
On St. Helena
Had actually been sleeping
In Napoleon's bed
And bathing in his tub.

Shocked at this sacrilege,
They immediately had him fired.

II–MAGNANIMITY

William N. Rogers,
Who married the widow
Of Albert R. Farley,
Recently discovered
That Farley was alive.
He insisted on his wife's
Going back to Farley.

"Farley has prior claim,"
He declared philosophically.

III–INCREDULITY

Charles Young,
Of Los Angeles,
Was arrested for carrying
A pint of whiskey.

"Do you mean to tell me
There's a law against liquor?"
He asked incredulously
As the judge fined him
Fifty dollars.

IV–ILL-STARRED

Otto Holloway,
Professional purse-snatcher,
Had the worst break
Of his long career.

Fleeing with a purse
Containing a hundred dollars,
He ran into the arms
Of a squad of sixty policemen,
Changing shifts.

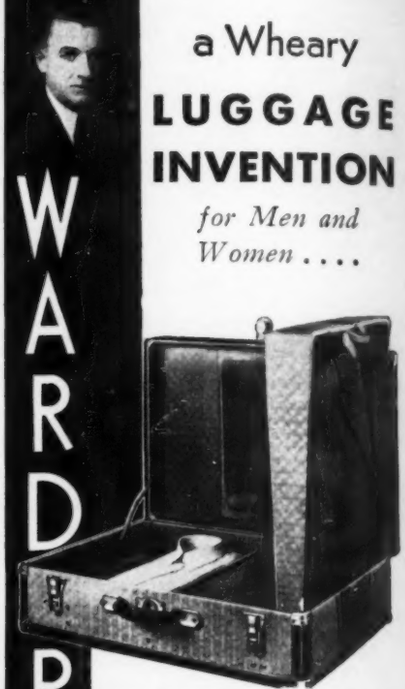
V–HANDY REFERENCE

Mexican authorities
Have lately been finding it
Increasingly difficult
To keep track properly
Of their many rebellions.

So the government commissioned
General Rodriguez
To compile a list
Of all revolutions
In the last twenty years
For handy reference.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

WARDROLETTE



a Wheary **LUGGAGE INVENTION** *for Men and Women . . . .*

GEO. H. WHEARY, foremost inventor of modernized luggage, has designed Wardrolette to give wardrobe trunk convenience in a case of Pullman length. Three complete men's suits, or from 12 to 20 dresses, are carried on hangers in a special garment tray, which actually grants 34" of hanging length, tho' case is but 30" long. Cushioned Top holds garments wrinkle-free. Ample space for shoes, linen, etc. In Fabrikoids, and finest leathers from $20 to $125 . . . Wardrolette is but one of many Wheary Modernized Luggage Inventions. Before you buy any luggage see them at leading shops and stores.

AN INTERESTING BOOKLET
describing Wheary Modernized Luggage sent on request by

Wheary Trunk Company
1509 16th Street
Racine, Wis.
295 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

CLUB LIDO ORCHESTRA

BOBBY BROOKS

Music for Social Events

251 West 57th Street Circle 3813

THE APOSTROPHE COMES INTO ITS OWN

THE limited space which is accorded to baseball box-scores in the newspapers (they must be crowded into the width of a single column) has done more for the art of abbreviation than any other one factor in the past half-century. Incidentally it has aided the once lowly apostrophe to come into its own. When, in addition to a double set of "at bats," "runs," "hits," "put-outs," "assists," and "errors," two names like Wambsganss and Peckinpaugh have to be jammed into a single line, something is bound to give. Something *does* give, and the result is "W'sg's" and "P'paugh."

It is really astounding what the inspired compositor can do with the apostrophe. I have even seen Wambsganss come out "W's" and still be identified immediately and correctly by that highly specialized group, the fans. It must be both a relief and a pleasure to set type for people like that, to whom "G'b'ski" can mean no one but Grabowski and for whom there is no "G'w'h" but Genewich.

If the apostrophe is a convenience in major-league box-scores, in college-game writeups it is a lifesaver. With lynx-eyed alumni ready to pounce on the slightest typographical frailty, the liberal use of the apostrophe cuts down the probability of error to a magical extent. There are limits to what even the apostrophe can accomplish, however. Take my own college team, for example. It is my secret conviction that our box-scores would have broken into the metropolitan papers with much greater frequency if our batting order had not run like this: "Stubenbord, Dietter, Silloway, Rupprecht, Angeles, Umpleby, Wielland, Schwegel, and Lotspeich." By the time the typesetter got through with that lineup, there was nothing left but a handful of consonants and a headache.

A few of the major-leaguers have dodged the apostrophe by simply changing their names. The most famous case is, of course, Connie Mack, who started life as Cornelius J. McGillicuddy. More recently there has been Asbjornson, of the Red Sox, who now calls himself Asby. And lexicographers are still trying to spell the name under which old Jack Quinn, of the Athletics, was born.

THE time is ripe for the apostrophe to extend its dominion to football. How the poor compositor who is faced

Surprise

Open a flat tin of fifty Lucky Strikes and you'll meet the most amusing little somebody you've seen in many a day. It's one of the Happy-go-Luckies . . . those new place cards that are cornering the conversation at so many smart dinners these days. Everyone's amused at the way the cigarettes and matches actually fit into the cards and form part of the picture.

New York's sophisticated hostesses have discovered them. Have you? Every tin of fifty Luckies has one and there are twelve in the set. They're not for sale, but you get them without cost with your tins of Lucky Strike flat fifties.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—
against irritation—against cough

When You're

ALL WET

reach for an

"OLD BLEACH" IRISH LINEN TOWEL

Adding a touch of color to the morning ritual and insuring the finest quality for those who enjoy the niceties of life . . . "OLD BLEACH" Pure Irish Linen Towels these days are doing more than their share to add to the morning smile.

NEW DESIGNS AND COLOURS

Pure white and ivory damask bordered towels with hand-tinted floral motifs, new textured bathroom linens in soft, pastel tones and borders in colour to match the new bathroom tiles... peach, lavendar, green, blue, gold . . . and all these delicate shades are absolutely proof against sunlight and launder perfectly.

BOOKLET

"The Story of Old Bleach Linens" will be gladly mailed upon receipt of ten cents to cover postage.

Department B
THE "OLD BLEACH" LINEN CO., LTD.
448 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Works: Randalstown, No. Ireland
Member: Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild

SOLD BY BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

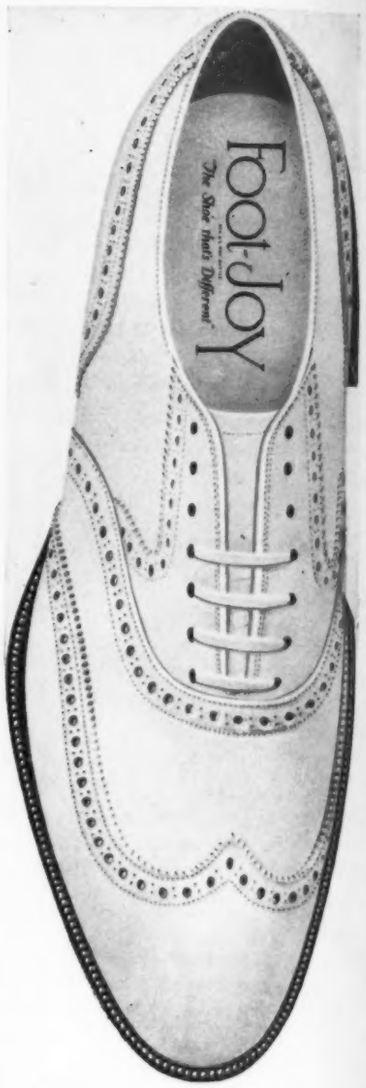
"OLD BLEACH" LINEN

with a name like Pieculewicz (fullback, Fordham) must mourn the glad, free days of spring and summer when such a name would go through the mill and come out "P'w'z." It is not as if there weren't plenty of other football names, from Heffelfinger down to the present, that simply cry for apostrophes. Consider Oosterbaan and Oberlander, for example, and that Columbia backfield *circa* Gehrig which included—besides Lou himself—Koppisch, Appelbaum, and (correct me if I am wrong) Mozczenski. What pleasing effects could be obtained with some of the coaches! Even my Aunt Julia would recognize "R'kne" and "Z'pke," but the dear old soul would have quite a struggle with "Ing'son" and "H'w'n." Considering the almost limitless possibilities for abbreviation, it will be strange if the apostrophe does not soon sweep the gridiron just as it has swept the diamond.

THE other sports are a different matter. The legend of the "fighting Irish" has ruined, in the prizering, what would otherwise be a promising field for exploitation. The "Cucozshays" have all become "Sharkeys," the "Chapdelaines" "Delaneys;" and the true list of "Dempseys" would sound like roll call at the League of Nations. About all we are left with is Young Zazzarino and Paolino Uzcudun—good material as far as they go, but scanty fare for a really whole-hearted abbreviator.

Wrestling puts its best foot foremost with Gus Sonnenberg, but even he is a poor substitute for the Zbyzskos of a day that is no more. Track offers only the visiting Pole, Petkiewicz, and he is only playing a one-season stand. The swimmers, with Johnnie Weissmuller, Agnes Geraghty, and Martha Osipowich, make a somewhat better showing, but that is about all that can be said for them.

Golf is a complete washout, the only possible candidate, Burkowski, having gone Irish as "Willie Burke." As for tennis, look at Lott, Doeg, Coen, Hall, and Van Ryn. There almost seems to be a conspiracy to freeze out the apostrophe. Count Salm von Hoogstraten was legitimate prey, but the tabloids got him first; and now one who might have been immortalized as "von H'str'n" is known to every housemaid as "Count Salm." It is a shame, particularly so since, short of roping in Etchebaster from court tennis, it leaves us without a single net star, the Misses Zinderstein and Bjurstedt having side-



Foot-Joy
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
"The Shoe that's Different"

In this day and age when everything has "gone modern," why shuffle along in shoes not meant for the cement age we live in?

Get yourself a pair of Foot-Joy shoes—there are styles for all occasions, street, sport or evening wear. You will know with your first step that here's a shoe that is different—modern—with a foundation made to stand the impact of unyielding tile office floors and concrete sidewalks. Smart-looking—of course—and the smartness won't disappear with your first shine. You'll never complain of tiredness caused by improper shoes when Foot-Joys carry your weight. Nor will arch trouble ever trouble you.

Let us send you something unusual. It is a miniature wardrobeful of shoes. It will convince you of the smartness of Foot-Joy styles and give a clear idea of the proper shoes for different types of men. Write for it today—or better still—go see the Foot-Joy dealer in your city. He knows how to fit your feet for style and comfort.

The above statement is also true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.
Established 1857

Dealers in most of the larger cities. In New York City at 4 East 44th Street.

Name.....

Address.....

stepped the issue in their own fashion by becoming Mrs. Jessup and Mrs. Mallory.

ALTHOUGH the outlook for the apostrophe in the sports world is, as we see, somewhat barren, we need not therefore despair. To confine ourselves to sports alone would be but narrow conservatism. It is to geography that we must look for the future of the apostrophe. The exploitation of this field has already commenced and the day is not far off when our atlases will be a forest of apostrophes.

Once again it is baseball that has provided the opening wedge. The major-league box-scores have already made the fan so familiar with the cities of Phila, W'ton, Cin'ti, Ch'go, Pittsb'h, and B'klyn that he would hardly be able to fill in the missing letters. The American Association has given us M'polis, Ind'p's, and M'w'kee, the Southern Association Ch'n'ga, and other leagues have made similar contributions.

However, much remains to be accomplished. In the Far West, San Francisco is already Frisco, but Albuquerque is still to be dealt with. The Middle West presents good material in the four famous "K"s—Kalamazoo, Kankakee, Kokomo, and Keokuk—while the East has its Schenectady and its Skaneateles. New England offers a practically virgin field. What possibilities reside in Winnepesaukee, Piscataqua, Penobscot, Androscoggin, and Aroostook!

Above all it is interesting to ponder what an experienced compositor would do with that famous Massachusetts lake, Chaugaugagaugmaunchaugagaugchaubunagungamaug. My money is on "Ch'g." —H. J. L.

•

PENGUINS

Squat sages,
Patting protruding bellies
As an indication
Of witty sallies.
Black and white question marks
Left alone
On an island's
Bleached horizon.
Historical remnants
Gravely wise
Assuming a
Lilliputian size,
From Destiny's rag-bag
You crept alone—
Asked for bread
And received a stone.

—LAURA BENÉT

"A. B. A. CHEQUES? . . . MAIS OUI, MADAME!

It is a pleasure to accept them . . . They are familiar to us for years . . . Many customers favor them . . . in the smaller size they are so chic and so convenient . . . Of a surety, they make the transactions very simple . . . Oui, Madame, tomorrow the gowns are for delivery to the hotel . . . Je vous remercie, Madame."

For gowns in Paris, glass in Venice or silks in Tokio, A. B. A. Cheques, the insured money, are as acceptable as gold—*and much safer to carry.* They identify you wherever you go and are spendable anywhere, anytime. Your own bank will supply you with them.

A·B·A CHEQUES

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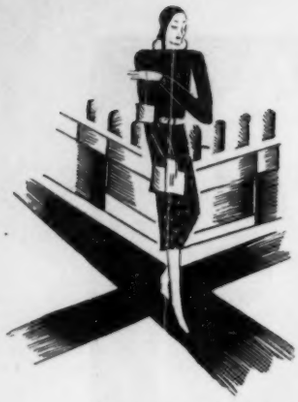
OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



PARIS, APRIL 23

THE insistence here on "afternoon" clothes has evidently won out. You may be as nonchalant and tweedy as you like in the morning, but just try and go anywhere outside of a department store after luncheon and you find yourself under a barrage of lorgnettes and raised eyebrows. Among the better houses right now, silk suits and the *petite robe d'après-midi* are the favorites.

THE pressure of popularity is sufficient to have induced Lucien Lelong, who has long been ballyhooing for ladylike clothes anyway, to add a few more dresses to his collection in advance of midseason—all of them of the afternoon variety. He has four you'd like to steal at once—of some soft thin silk, such as georgette, roma, or foulard—that are made with long sleeves, rather loose blouses, and skirts that are fitted closely around the waist and hips, with a fullness that begins somewhat farther down. Fugace is in ultramarine blue, with a white silk three-cornered scarf that is worn backward, at the neck, cowboy fashion. Vasco is beige roma, with incrustations put on the skirt in an upside-down U-shape, and a little cape edged with plaiting. Manola has this same U-motif in an incrustation at the back of the neck, holding down slight gathers for shoulder fullness. It is in a nice, soft, purplish blue and has a bolero front and plain back. There is a bow-tie arrangement at the front neckline that is evolved out of the bolero—a line that seems to give a certain seductive smoothness to the shoulders. Colibri is one of the silk suits that bob up all over Paris—tiny white dots on brown, with a peplum jacket that belts on the outside at the back, and inside at the front, so that it may be worn open without loosing its fitted waistline.

I hope someone brought you one of Lelong's fur cravat-and-bag ensembles. A fur handbag may appear a bit heavy, but with a scarf it serves much better than the usual cuff-and-collar arrangement. Both bag and cravat are made of a shaved fur of some kind—caracul or mole, for the most part, that is dyed in the browns that go well with brown fabrics.

HOWEVER, don't let this news, or any other talk about flat furs, induce you to dash your silver fox into the wastebasket. At the Horse Show that just closed I saw plenty of silver foxes on the Best People—whoppers, at that: double skins, usually, worn over black wool dresses. Lots of people are beginning to wear white gloves and white felt hats with all-black or navy clothes. I saw lots of Worth's long, brown antelope gloves at the Horse Show, too, worn with brown shoes and marten scarves.

HEIM is another of the fur places gone dressmaker, and the change has had an excellent influence on his fur coats. He has achieved a dressmakery look about some thin black galliac coats, the kind of lightweight affairs good even for the warmer months. Tcheka is a black coat made of pony so thin and soft you'd swear it was kitten's-ear broadcloth. It has tiny caps over the sleeves at the shoulders and some broadcloth at the belt, and a little collar that ties under your chin. Carine, another coat, is of paper-thin black galliac with a clever tuck somewhere below the waist to make it look like a suit.

Heim advises white galliac in preference to ermine as a trimming for everything except the most formal clothes. It goes well with those white felt hats I was talking about.

ANOTHER English house has just crashed through with something that Paris should have done long ago. It is Trindle & Lindle's rainstick, an answer to the prayer of those who dread being seen with an umbrella unless they

"Oh, you have a customer drying!"

THE SOLO-PIN

For The Woman Who Dares

The Solo-Pin with Round and Baguette Diamonds

Designed by an Old World house of master craftsmen for Women Aviators to celebrate the thrilling experience of the first solo flight. The new Solo-Pin for comrades of the air + + + a graceful jewelled symbol of the new freedom of those who cruise the Heavens — true aristocrats of courage.

Little Clip Watch with Baguette and Half-Moon Diamonds

Round and Baguette Diamonds with Fanshape Crystal

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Between the "yes" and the "I do"

LINENS become vitally important to the bride-to-be almost as soon as she says "yes." If she wants to have the loveliest and smartest linen closet . . . to save herself time and money she goes straight to McCutcheon's—

And she asks for a trousseau adviser to help her work out a color scheme in her linens and in the correct monogramming of each piece. Table Linens, sheets and pillow cases of fine imported percale, towels of every description, bath sets, night spreads, day spreads, blankets and comfortables—all in lovely pastels that harmonize!

Brides of this season—just like brides of the past seventy-five years—know that they may depend upon the quality of every piece of Linen they select at McCutcheon's.

AND the 1930 bride will find also at McCutcheon's those other necessities of the trousseau—exquisite wedding veils, fine hand-made French lingerie, lovely negligees, lounging pajamas, smart sports' wear.

McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT 49TH ST.,
DEPARTMENT NO. 75
NEW YORK

are in danger of being drenched. It is made of *bouleau*—that spotty, elegant wood, something like Circassian walnut, which is used to make swanky boxes, chests, and little tables—and is actually a stick that becomes an umbrella when you pull it apart. The outer case of wood makes the shank of the opened umbrella. Closed, the whole business is less than twenty inches long, and can be carried with a dash on the most sunshiny days.

I REALLY ought not to mention Captain Molyneux, but now that I've come to the last paragraph I'll relent. In spite of his cruelty in opening his *demi-saison* so early, he does show some swell clothes—a town suit of tweed with a mannish vest, a black polka-dotted chiffon evening dress, a tweed jacket-and-dress combination with a big beige fox collar, and some of the grandest shantung dresses with matching jackets you ever saw. He has one positively giddy beach outfit you'll love. It has tight pants that flap around the ankles, a blouse with red dots big as dollars, a head scarf that hangs down over the back of your neck, and a crownless white hat worn at an angle of forty-five degrees. Makes you look like a pirate. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

WELL, De Pinna is in the vanguard of fashion in one department. This shop bowled me over with white antelope berets and white gloves, worn with navy or black tailored suits. Nothing has ever looked smarter. The other shops jeered—I was adamant. Who's loony now?

The Worth gloves mentioned in the Paris Fashions Letter may be found at Macy. They are of a rich tobacco-brown, with white hand-stitching, and are of the elongated gauntlet type. I saw the originals; the copies, which Macy promises will be exact and will exist only in the Worth color, should be in the Accessory Shop by now.

As for the note about afternoon dresses—this still seems a risky field for American women; in Europe they have developed a fairly sure-fire sense of dressiness combined with elegance. It was not until the Easter parade that I realized how thoroughly American women can misapply elaboration. The *monde* is *fou*. With an object of being as dressy as possible, they could be seen entering St. Patrick's for morning mass in trailing chiffon topped with lace hats. After-sundown gowns (which would look terrible even in the Club

Paris does homage to these

KLEINERT'S

STYLES

WHEN it comes to *sanitary* lingerie, the Parisienne prefers Kleinert's. A compliment indeed! She sees for herself the charming fabrics, the skilful styling to assure smoothness under the frock-lines decreed by the Grande Couture. And she knows that the protection promised by these dainty aprons and step-ins is guaranteed by our fifty years' experience in processing pure fine rubber.

With the new fitted fashions, well-groomed women are wearing this protective lingerie *every day* to prevent skirt wrinkling and to keep their costumes new-looking as well as to assure adequate protection in emergencies.

And for sheer comfort, be sure to see Kleinert's NUVO belt.

Our new styles are on display at up-to-date Notion Counters everywhere—insist on Kleinert's.

Our stylist has chosen the 32 best liked colors of the season for Kleinert's Dress Shields—buy a pair of matching shields for every frock. These and the other Kleinert's articles which you buy at home may be purchased at our Paris headquarters, 30 rue Joubert and in the best Paris shops.

Kleinert's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Perfect as **KLEINERT'S DRESS SHIELDS**"

The Priceless Beauty of Ancient Pewter
at moderate cost

Long cherished by museums and antiquarians, pewter is now the smart ware for the modern home. Used decoratively, its softly gleaming lustre harmonizes with any surroundings; in service Pewter by Poole is extremely durable, easy to care for, delightfully distinctive.

Pewter by Poole, made from a famous ancient formula, has the satiny finish of fine old English Pewter. It will not tarnish, nor is it affected by liquid contents. The designs faithfully reproduce the inspired masterpieces of early American Craftsmen.

Here, then, is priceless beauty at moderate cost; offered in hundreds of varied pieces for every decorative and utilitarian purpose.

At smart jewelry and gift shops
Look for the Poole trade-mark when you purchase

Write for illustrated catalogue

POOLE SILVER COMPANY
TAUNTON, MASS.

Abbey) flourished in broad daylight. The "normal" waistline was here, there, and everywhere, and well-fed American womanhood bunched above, below, and all around. It was a gala day for fussiness without elegance. From now on, I advise everyone to buy classically tailored suits and simple turbans, so that the men will never, never again have a chance to romp off with *all* the sartorial honors.

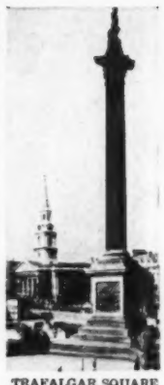
Bonwit Teller are so agog about the prospect of entering the Stewart Building in the autumn, accompanied by three brass bands and Rudy Vallée, that only stern will keeps them concentrated on their work, expert as they are at it. However, habit is strong, and their dear public has never sobbed with disappointment yet.

Gloves, for instance, are always done superbly here. There are white pigskin ones for sports, very businesslike. Also, for sports clothes or tailored suits, there are some grand eight-button-length pull-on gloves of doeskin, hand-stitched all the way around. The cuffs are exceptionally wide, and you wear them wrinkled outside the sleeve of your dress or jacket. White is especially chic. For golf, riding, and motoring, a pair of gloves with palms of pigskin, backs of white capeskin, and four holes over the knuckles for ventilation, is a new version of a classical type of thing.

Then, too, they are making a great to-do here about underwear of a light linen mesh, long favored in England for active sports. In one piece, with elastic shoulder straps, it descends into straight trunks that are long enough for comfort. They make it up to provide a foundation for tunic bathing suits, and they have shorts of it. The material is exceptionally soft and absorbent; the designs are practical.

They are offering a superb sports costume, in a silk-and-wool mesh, with a tuck-in chukker blouse, a little round hat with a knob on top, straight pleated shorts with zipper closings, and a wrap-around skirt that is pleated to give additional fullness. The ensemble, ladies and gen'm'n, for $35. Those of you who have yachting friends or like to look seagoing on the beach should observe a $25 pajama here. Shirt of black jersey with short sleeves and a convertible collar; wide pants of white flannel and a wide flannel belt with a gold buckle.

For frivolous evening scarves, you can find imported ones of all sorts, the most ingratiating by Chanel and Moly-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IMPORTED flavours from ENGLAND—SWEDEN and FRANCE

These European flavours are identical with those flavours served abroad because they are made in the same distilleries.

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NUYENS' GRENADINE
Made in France Since 1802. A Delicious Flavouring Syrup for Manifold Uses.

CALORIC PUNCH
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A Luscious Flavour Similar to Bacardi.

A Good Mixer . . . If your grocer cannot supply you, write us. "Modern and Old-fashion Cocktail Recipes", a new recipe booklet sent free on request. Address Dept. N.

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For Discriminating People
TEL. GREENWICH 2171

HOW WILL YOU LOOK IN THAT BATHING SUIT ?

Take yourself in hand . . . Start immediately and acquire a firm . . . lithe figure by vacation time. Our method brings lasting results.

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EILEEN and CAROL O'KANE
STUDIO OF DANCING
Hotel Lombardy
111 East 56
Plaza 8600

neux. Chanel does a full cape of pink lace, the yoke of which ties in a bow in front or on the shoulder; Molyneux's is more dressy—net with gold and silver embroidery. Then there is Chanel's cape jacket of gold paillettes (they are muttering about paillettes for autumn, by the way). Below the short cape, the jacket comes in tight at the waist and ties at the normal waistline in front. Get yours quick before they are cheapened. Remember those cocktail jackets and what happened to *them* after a while.

Best created such a furor with shirtwaist dresses at Palm Beach that they are continuing them with added vim for summer here. There are short-sleeved blouses that tuck in, with an inverted pleat in the back for arm freedom; and they have nice little circular skirts. In sudanette, madras, flannel, French washable silk shirting—in all kinds of fabrics, from $19 to $30. Another sports item here is a swell chamois cardigan that buttons straight up to the neck, unlined; for $15.50. Also there are gorgeous sports suits of cotton mesh—the chukker blouse cut in slightly at the waist, the belted skirt circular. These, at $16.50, were another Palm Beach hit. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Hors d'Œuvre or Tidbits

Lent being over, this is a good time to talk of elegant foods for home consumption. One way of acquiring a spectacular menu is to go to the big well-known grocers or department-store grocery sections. At Macy you can get steak-and-kidney pudding, in cans, for eighty-four cents, or truffled boar's head for ninety-eight. For hors d'œuvre they have mushrooms in vinegar, and olives, stuffed with anchovies, put up in brine instead of in olive oil—which to my way of thinking is an improvement. This store is one of those rare places where you can get raspberry vinegar. You use it like a regular vinegar—in dressings for fruit salads, for instance.

Then, there are special tidbits, such as spiced preserved grapefruit, Spanish oranges in syrup, and Coco-Hon-ee, a modification of an old Filipino delicacy. This is a thick syrupy concoction made of coconuts. You use it over waffles or puddings, or any other way your fancy

Introducing

THE SPORTSET

for golf — tennis — sports

Shirt . . . shorts . . . skirt—the very newest ensemble for sports . . .

The short-sleeve tuck-in shirt . . . the generously cut shorts . . . the fully pleated skirt . . . give perfect freedom.

For very active play—one may wear the shorts without the skirt, as so many smart enthusiasts do.

Beautifully tailored—in cotton shirtings . . . . . $28—white pique . . . . $38—silk broadcloth and shirtings . . . . $45.

DE PINNA

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

Spindrift

A NEW FOULARD BY PECK & PECK

Pipe these new English foulards of ours! They're as light as spray, as good looking as a clipper rollin' down to Rio, and they knot easily, snugly and smartly!

$2.50

PECK & PECK

FIFTH AVENUE at 55th Street
FIFTH AVENUE at 47th Street
FIFTH AVENUE at 42nd Street
MADISON AVE. at 69th Street

dictates. It has a delicate clinging sort of taste.

HONEY, varying in flavor as it does, according to the sort of plant the bees have fed on, offers endless possibilities in the way of variations on a theme. Charles, 48 East Forty-third Street, has an excellent assortment. There are cactus and wild-thyme honey from Syria, orange blossom, heather from Holland, peach from Spain, fruit blossom from Jamaica, spring flowers from Dalmatia, and sage blossom from our own California. Of course there are also domestic honeys, and Miel de Gatinais, and Zohar virgin honey ("from young bees," according to the label) which is made in Palestine.

This is the only store so far as I know that carries my pet soft drink, which is Pale Moon. I refuse to describe it as "almost like champagne;" it can stand on its own merits. Yes, of course it mixes.

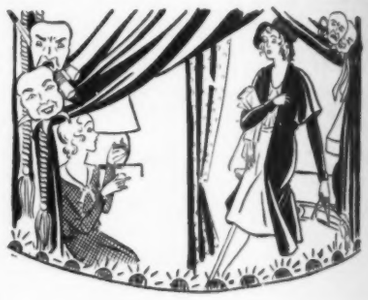
You can get Puffles here, too. They are like colored potato chips, made of a fruit or vegetable paste, which puff up most engagingly when boiled in oil. Heroic treatment, but the results merit the means; fifty cents a box. For $1 you can have a can of imported French Tripes à la Mode de Caen—*au jus et au vin blanc*.

If you care for cheese, you will find imported German Limburger and Brie—and a goat's-milk cheese that looks like a bar of laundry soap, costs sixty cents a pound, and is named Gjetost and pronounced "Yedost."

Besides these delicacies, they offer Ozark black-walnut meats at $1.50 a tin—and practically anything else you might think of.

PARK & TILFORD stores are always so terrifically neat—you never feel that somewhere, in some forgotten corner, on some high shelf, you may find a rare piece of cheese, the discovery of which would make you famous. Still, they're thorough, there's no doubt about that. They have every kind of olive there is, I think, in all sizes—some of the ripe ones run to names like Colossal, Mammoth, and Special Colossal. They have them stuffed with onions, celery, almonds, anchovies, pimientos, and combinations of these. Anyone who isn't inspired by *that* array just wasn't meant to feed people.

Their sardines, spiced and truffled, sound interesting, and you can get things like spiced artichoke hearts, whole goose livers flavored with port wine, and Bombay Duck, which I, in



LITTLE DRAMAS OF NEW YORK LIFE

DORIS:
Good Grief . . . where have you been?

MARGARET:
At a sale of gloves . . . real suede slipons for $2.95 . . . what a riot.

DORIS:
Why not join the bright young things who have given up glove sales since TOURAINE came to town . . . you can buy marvelous suede slipons there any day for $2.95 . . . in peace and quiet.

Touraine
536 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 44TH STREET

A HOTEL YOU WILL LIKE

You will feel at home amid the comforts and conveniences of Hotel Syracuse. Its refined atmosphere, its excellent food and service make it one of America's Finest Hotels.

Powers Hotel, Rochester, N. Y.
Under Same Management

600 Outside Rooms $3.00 up

HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

my simple direct way, had always assumed to be a duck, and which really turns out to be a Bommaloe fish.

There is a fascinating black bottle of truffle sauce here, something for a blasé palate, and there is every sort of relish made of practically anything you can mention—all nicely pickled or spiced or preserved, all delicious. Among these are oranges, stuffed with fruits and put up in grenadine, and wild strawberry conserve, at $1.15 a jar, from the Tiptree Fruit Farm in Essex. You can get East Indian condiments, prepared by Manockjee Poonjiajee & Sons. As far as that goes, you can get canned steak and onions—if you want to.

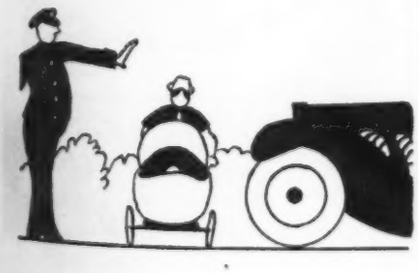
AT Louis Sherry, 695 Madison Avenue, they are especially proud of their caviar, and you know yourself what that implies. Then they have some brandied, jellied strawberries at $2 a jar that impressed me a lot, too. Guavas preserved in syrup are $2.50. There are mixed pickles from Czechoslovakia, Acacia honey from Hungary, green fig and ginger marmalade; and guava jelly in slabs enticingly labelled "Ambrosia Jalea de Guayaba." Fifty cents for a half-pound piece. It's excellent for making sandwiches—you just slice it the size of your bread, and there you are.

Sherry, by the way, will make up special things to order; and I personally, with my hand on my heart, can recommend their appetizers. They also bake a nut bread (from a special Russian recipe) that is worth trying.

You know about their candies, of course, but be sure you haven't missed their blackberry and raspberry gums.

NOW for the tiny places that call for a lot of determination on your part: They are never in the least impressive, but they do have things the big establishments just don't seem to carry. They're apt to be hard to get at, and they're always moving around, but they're worth chasing.

Alwan Brothers have crept away to 199 Atlantic Avenue, in Brooklyn, but they still have perfect Syrian candies



BRUCK
-WEISS

20 West 57th Street

Three Piece Sports Costume. Pineapple lace knit tunic and skirt with polo mesh shirt **49.50**

Ensemble complete with Beret and Handbag as illustrated **65.00**

A NEW
DEPARTMENT FOR SPORTSWEAR

Charming modes for débutante and matron from inexpensive fashions for active sports to the most pretentious ensembles for spectator wear

A HANGING HAT IS SAFE FROM HARM...

No matter how wide the brim of your new Spring hat, you can hang it up on a Hatform. Hatform has a loop of tape which slips over any hook or peg. Hung on a Hatform your hat cannot be crushed or knocked on the floor.

In pastel shades

from seventy-five cents and up

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Lord and Taylor	*Abraham and Straus*
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417 Fifth Avenue, New York

and pastries. You can also get some at the Damascus Restaurant, 14 West Thirty-first Street. The pastries are syrupy and have a tendency to be stuffed with pistachio nuts and things like that. Strangely enough, sesame-seed cookies can be found at the Metropolitan Museum's cafeteria.

Kuwayama has moved to 76 West Forty-seventh Street, where he still has his usual supply of Japanese canned goods, teas, and crackers. The canned things include boiled fuki, boiled gobo—and eels. You don't want any of these, the clerks will inform you with the most beautiful politeness, but that needn't spoil the fun of purchasing **iso mame** (roasted beans) or dried persimmons.

The Italian Stores, 335 Sixth Avenue, have noodle machines and canned Mexican ceci—a variety of pea that is a cross between a bean and a nut and is used in minestrone soup. It's very good cooked in tomato sauce too.

UNDOUBTEDLY there are plenty of little stores in the city where you can get good Italian candy, but there are also endless places where it is awful. At G. Gamberti's little bakery, 262 Bleecker Street, just east of Seventh Avenue, you will find real, fresh, imported sweets: torrone, the hard-fruit candies, and Cioccolati Perugina, a delicious chocolate with mottoes in Italian.

HOUSEHOLD HINT: The colored and flavored tea sugars, on display everywhere, are just the thing for putting in grapefruit. Two lumps per half grapefruit; let it stand overnight. You can concentrate on one flavor, or you can mix them. —POLY

AS TO MEN

Metal Golf and Tennis — Bows and Arrows — A Bicycle Boat for One

A SPORTSMAN knows what he needs for his game, so there's no point in my talking about fancy equipment which, to him, is merely so much excess weight. However, with proper humility, I venture the information that Alex Taylor is selling a great many steel-shaft golf clubs this year. Steel shafts have been improved since they were first introduced. They are more flexible, have a better balance, and usually possess some device for absorbing the shock. Chromium

A special section

BATHROOM GLASSWARE

BUBBLY STEIGEL-TYPE IN GREEN

We've gone to all sorts of trouble to get these pretty things in the right colors—greens and blues and pinks that blend beautifully with fabrics and finishes used in modern bathrooms

IMPORTED GLASS, GREEN, CRYSTAL OR COLORS

We've gathered them from far and wide, Europe and our own country. Even so, they're modestly priced. Tumblers, 69¢ and 94¢. Bottles $1.39 to $1.88. Powder jars, $1.88 and $2.34

STAR STUDDED ONES WE DESIGNED

TOILETRIES, STREET FLOOR

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York

plating prevents rust, and of course there is no fear of warping.

Now that the English golf officials have removed their ban against steel shafts, professionals can use them without fear of being handicapped the way Horton Smith was last year. If you haven't played much during the winter, it might be a good idea to start this spring with a set of steel shafts; then you won't be put off your game by a change from wood in the middle of the season.

IT might also be wise to start the season with the new golf ball which the U. S. G. A. has approved. It won't be official until January, 1931, but, since its use is inevitable, you may as well get accustomed to it as soon as you can. The ball is slightly larger and lighter than the old one and shortens a drive by ten to fifteen feet, but it is said to favor mediocre players because its size makes it easy to hit on the fairway. You can buy it anywhere.

THE prejudice against steel tennis racquets is still pretty strong; but these, too, are greatly improved this year. On the Dayton Lone Eagle, sold by Alex Taylor, copper-plated strings of twisted steel wire are strung over rubber bushings, and there is a special shock-absorbing device which floats in a sheath of rubber. One advantage of steel racquets is that they can be used continuously without lowering the stringing pitch; another is that they won't warp in damp climates. However, to prevent the possibility of rust accumulating in the twistings of the strings, it is advisable to rub them down once a week with 3-in-1 Oil.

For those who still prefer wooden racquets, many players recommend the President, which has a double-laminated frame, spiral gut strings, and reinforced shoulders; it costs $20. Taylor encourages you to select a frame and have it strung to your specifications.

Repairs and special work are welcomed at this shop. Example: for $1 they will chromium-plate the heads of your old golf clubs and remove forever the danger of rust; shafts with a copper finish can be treated the same way. Plating takes ten days.

The Alex Taylor shop has been enlarged by the addition of four floors, where camping equipment, tents, boats, and the like are displayed. Old Town canoes and Johnson boats and outboard motors are now sold by this firm. As you probably know, some of the out-

Femininity in the active mood

"ROUSTABOUT" is the rage in smart sport shirts

If she can differentiate between a chukker and a mallet, a niblick and an eagle, a spinnaker and a flying jib . . . you'll find this smart accessory in her wardrobe! In Natural, Sky Blue, Nile Green, White and Maize, $7.50. Turban to match. $7.50.

PECK & PECK

FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47th STREET
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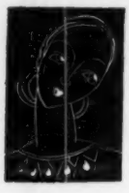
MADISON AVE. AT 69th STREET

Peck & Peck

LAIT D'OESYPE

PARIS SENDS THIS
LIQUID-CREAM
TO CLEANSE
NOURISH · SATINIZE

E. Jacobson



Would you know and follow the youth-keeping habits of the *haute monde* of the Continent? Then — *Lait d'Oesype* — and so to bed! For this one luscious liquid-cream cleanses thoroughly —nourishes deeply—satinizes beautifully. Smart women of Europe find that it does so.

Bertie

Obtainable in the smarter shops along the Avenue and throughout the States, at Maison Bertie, 6 Rue de Milan, Paris, and 695 Fifth Ave., New York where the Bertie *Petrosage* may also be obtained.

board motors are equipped with electric starters this season, which should be a boon to any number of people.

AT Hammacher, Schlemmer I saw a small net designed to retrieve balls from a water hazard. The net is attached to the end of a telescope pole which is thirty-six inches long, but which, with a slight pull, will extend to nine feet. It weighs only ten ounces and certainly would not overburden a caddy.

Archery is rapidly gaining in popularity. I was shown complete outfits here, including lemonwood bows with staghorn tips, feathered arrows, arm guards, finger guards, and leather quivers on a belt. While I don't think archery will replace baseball as a national sport, it seems a nice quiet amusement for a lazy afternoon.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH must be mentioned whenever you are talking about sports equipment. You know as well as I do that you can buy anything there, from an air-rifle to a harpoon gun. Just now they are enthusiastic about their new Bike Boat, which they recommend for water sports, hunting and fishing, and going to and from yachts and hydroplanes. This boat cannot be submerged or capsized. It consists of a bicycle mechanism mounted on two watertight shells of specially prepared wood. The rider revolves a three-bladed screw, propelling himself along at eight miles an hour. One of these boats crossed the English Channel in eight hours.

MEYROWITZ offers the C-All-Scope to those whose eyes need aid at large sporting events—a pair of binoculars that fits on your nose like spectacles. The lenses are adjustable to any vision and separately to each eye; their magnifying power is not enormous but their range is three times wider than that of ordinary sports glasses, permitting you to see the whole field at one time. —G. McC.

•

So far as we know, the snowy tree-cricket is the only one of the insect musicians that seems conscious of the fact that he belongs to an orchestra. There may be discord at first, but as more players join the concert a rhythmical beat is established that is in as perfect time as if governed by the baton of a Demrosch. —*New York State College of Agriculture bulletin.*

Um-m, Milt Gross crickets.

THE
DELMONICO
•
Suites now leasing for Fall occupancy. A few suites on summer lease.
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PARK AVENUE
AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET
John F. Sanderson, Manager

NO TENNIS MAGIC HERE!

No fairy godmother placed a mysterious "something" in Feron tennis racquets to make them better!

Each one is designed by a Feron—strung by a Feron—placed in your hands by a Feron . . . services based on the tennis knowledge gained in 25 years of tennis teaching —by a Feron. That is why they are better!

Tennis racquets—$8 to $18.
Restringing—$4 to $9—
ALL guaranteed.

S. J. Feron

S. J. FERON, INC.
53 EAST 44 ST., N. Y.

THE OARSMEN

Derby Day—The Little Man in the Stern

WHILE the Derby regatta is always the first race to have a special observation train, and a large and colorful crowd, its real importance lies in the fact that it is the first regatta of the season for Yale.

Yale has been having a great deal of trouble this spring. The varsity seating has been altered time after time, which isn't usual with Leader's crews, and apparently the men have been slow in getting into their stride. Consciously or unconsciously, the letter men always return each year with a certain amount of overconfidence. For the past two years their first race, against Columbia, has been their hardest. In June they have rowed away from Harvard, feeling, no doubt, that they could do the same if it were Columbia they were facing again. It has not been easy for them to get down to real work at the start of a new season; the last race of the previous year has usually been too easy.

In this first race, of course, Yale is very likely to do better than anyone expected. It will have to, this Saturday, to stay within striking distance of what is apparently another good Columbia crew.

THE sight of Jim Ten Eyck—the thin, white-haired Syracuse coach—sitting in the coxswain's seat of his freshmen boat during practice, again accents the injustice of speaking of crews as eights when, as a matter of fact, they are most certainly nines. In his seventy-seven years Jim Ten Eyck has stored up a tremendous amount of river wisdom. When he chooses the coxswain's seat to coach from, he is emphasizing a fact that many people forget, the fact that the coxswain is a vital part of any crew.

In the old days, the coxswains were also the coaches. In the first Yale crew the cox was the heaviest man in the boat; he was coxswain because he knew more about rowing than any other member of the boat club. When the first professional coaches came into the sport, they often coached from the cox's seat. Then some of them rowed. For several years Bob Cook taught his beginners at Yale by taking them out one by one in a pair

Harmony from Head to Heels

PUT yourself into the picture. Color it, in imagination, with the tint of your own complexion, creamy or rosy or deliciously sun tanned, with Humming Bird Hose exactly matching your skin. . . . .

Or, fancy the slim little frock and shady hat developed in your most becoming color—daringly vivid, or entrancingly soft. Decide upon a harmonizing shade for your hose, and—you will find it in the store selling Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hosiery.

There are upward of thirty early summer shades for your choosing, many of them developed exclusively for Humming Birds by Mlle. Julie Bolegard, our Paris stylist.

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GILBERT MILLER presents (in association with Guthrie McClintic)

Katharine Cornell

in **DISHONORED LADY**

a new play by Margaret Ayer Barnes & Edward Sheldon

EMPIRE THEATRE B'way & 40th St. Evs. 8:40
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

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Journey's End

(By arrangement with Maurice Brown)

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE 124 W. 43 St.
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Gilbert Miller & Leslie Howard's production of

Berkeley Square

By John L. Balderston
With Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore

LYCEUM THEATRE 45 St. E. of B'way.
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

LEE SHUBERT *Presents*

ETHEL BARRYMORE Theatre 47th W. of B'way
Evs. 8:50. Matinées Wed. and Sat. 2:40

PHILIP MERIVALE in

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

An Unusual Play about Life

MUSIC BOX Thea., 45th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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The Comedy Hit from the French
with
FRANK MORGAN
PHOEBE FOSTER—CLARENCE DERWENT

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The MESSRS. SHUBERT Present
The Glorious Musical Romance

3 LITTLE GIRLS

Great Singing and Dancing Cast. Revolving Stage.

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ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME

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Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Shows every Saturday

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a Comedy
By DONALD OGDEN STEWART
with HOPE WILLIAMS

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Bernard Shaw's Political Extravaganza

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A new play by PHILIP BARRY

MARTIN BECK Thea. 45th St. W. of Eighth Ave. Evgs. 8:10 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:50

THE LAST MILE

"Most exciting production in New York this season."
Richard Watts Jr., Herald Tribune

SAM. H. HARRIS THEATRE, 42nd Street West of Broadway
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

GRACE GEORGE

in the St. John Ervine comedy

FIRST MRS. FRASER

with A. E. Matthews and Lawrence Grossmith

PLAYHOUSE 48th Street, East of B'way Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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Strictly Dishonorable

Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton

"A well-nigh perfect comedy"—*Atkinson, Times*

AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Dir. *A. L. Erlanger* Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

50 MILLION FRENCHMEN

A Musical Comedy Tour of Paris
with WM. GAXTON & GENEVIEVE TOBIN

"'Fifty Million Frenchmen' happens to be just the best thing of its sort in seven or so years."
—*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American*

LYRIC THEATRE W. 42nd St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Good Seats at Box Office

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STREET SCENE

AMBASSADOR Theatre 49th St. W. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:40; Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:50

SUBWAY EXPRESS

NOW IN ITS 8th MONTH

"Should live as long as the Subway itself"—*Evening Post.*

REPUBLIC THEATRE West 42nd Street Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

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Entire Balcony Good Seats $1, $2, $3. (No Tax)
(364 to 372 times)

EARL CARROLL New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR

"SKETCH BOOK"

featuring WILL MAHONEY, WILLIAM DEMAREST, THREE SAILORS, 56 PRIZE BEAUTIES

Connolly and Swanstrom's Hit

JACK DONAHUE in **SONS O' GUNS** with **LILY DAMITA**

(By arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn)

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"One of the best musical shows to come this way in several seasons." *Heywood Broun, Telegram.*

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ED WYNN

"The Perfect Fool"
in ZIEGFELD SENSATION
"SIMPLE SIMON"

PRICES—$1 to $5 & tax. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1 to $3
Seats at Box Office—Mail Orders Filled

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By MARC CONNELLY

"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

An Evening of Thrills and Laughter!

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Greatest Array of Stars in New York—Cast of 200

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A Movietone Romance with Song, Comedy and Sentiment
Presented by WILLIAM FOX

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CHEKHOV'S COMEDY

"UNCLE VANYA"

Acting Version by Rose Caylor

Osgood PERKINS	Lillian GISH	Walter CONNOLLY
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With BERT LAHR — OSCAR SHAW
SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

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Midnight Show Every Sat. Night

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A Warner Bros. & Vitaphone Picture
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and rowing bow himself. Old Ten Eyck is almost the last of the coaches to do this sort of thing. Nearly all of them, however, at times go in for what is called tubbing. They put two oarsmen, who need special work, in a pair, while they sit in the cox's seat and criticize.

THE worst mistake possible is to think that a coxswain has nothing to do but steer a straight course. That, of course, is important enough, but it is only a small part of his job. The varsity coxswains are in reality, though not officially, assistant coaches. A head coach, following alongside in a launch, can see how a boat is going but he can't get the "feel" of it—he has to rely on his cox for that; and it is by the feel of the boat that one judges the progress of the crew. Consequently, a coxswain has more to do with shifts in the seating than anyone else, with the single exception of the head coach. Time and again a man has stayed in a shell because the cox has said that it ran best when he was in it.

The coxswain must know the bad habits of each member of his crew and be constantly fighting them. He should know instinctively whether a crew needs to be ridden or will do its best work if he just sits tight in the saddle. It is inevitable that he should be compared with the jockey of a race horse, and he is every bit as important. A good man in the stern sheets can mean an added length on the speed of his crew.

THE stroke oar will always receive the credit for whatever generalship there is in a boat race, yet it is often the cox who has controlled his stroke, holding him in or letting him go at the right moment for the final spurt.

Sometimes a cox will turn his attention to the enemy. A race was once won in that way at Poughkeepsie. A coxswain in second place called for a spurt as they were going into the last mile. The moment his eight answered, he headed his megaphone toward his opponents and screamed, "They're gone! They're gone! You've got 'em! They're cracking!" The other crew, each man thinking the fellow behind him was going to pieces, began to scramble frantically, and lost by more than half a length. —R. F. K.

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Herald Tribune*]

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the paramounts new york and brooklyn

there's "the return of dr. fu manchu" in which sax rohmer's rover boy shows how very dam clever these chinese really are. in brooklyn helen kane. rudy vallee croonadooping— mitzi green and paul ash in new york.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Début — The Cry of Womanhood — Mr. Wolheim's Reflection

THE mayors of Jersey City, Philadelphia, and our own good town presided at the opening of the new Warner Brothers' theatre, the Hollywood. The Brothers have contented themselves this time with a comparatively modest structure, a baroque affair in white and gold and rose, with a corral for the public and an ushers' parade ground in the popular modern-art "theme." The mayor of Philadelphia was quite overcome by its splendor. Referring to a former occasion, an official visit of Mayor Walker to his town which he was now in a way repaying, My Lord of Philadelphia remarked that they both felt more at home here than they did in the Rodin Museum. The picture of the occasion was "Hold Everything!"

Except for a rather subdued rendering of that famous *Liebeslied*, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," by Georges Carpentier, "Hold Everything!" is one of those very noisy, strident musical movies, all in color. Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown shout their way through it with remarkable vigor. The best moment—in fact the only good one—in the picture is that when the screen is enlarged and we are given a glimpse of Carpentier's boxing, his boxing still being superior to his singing.

I AM sorry if I sound a bit crabbed and disagreeable. Recalling my various experiences this past week with the pictures, it is depressing to realize that there is no—or little—chance of being affable about any of them. There is, for instance, "The Light of Western Stars," from a novel by Zane Grey, with Richard Arlen and Harry Green, and Mary Brian doing her weekly bit. This is about ranch life and the problems facing a young girl who goes out to settle alone on the plains. It has a deal of shooting, humorous and serious—for out West, you know, shooting is a form of repartee—and a great amount of dialogue such as that line, the cry of womanhood throughout the ages, "You let go me or I'll scream." There is a pictorial

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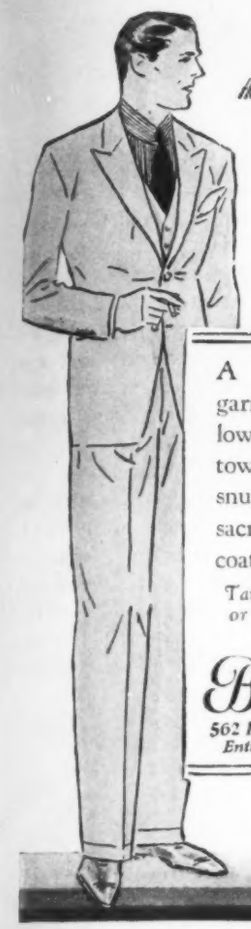

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moment toward the end, a glimpse of running horses, that might appeal to the Rosa Bonheur in our hearts.

THEN there is "The Ship from Shanghai," which opened at the Capitol. This picture starts out well; it seems to promise something exciting and even consequential. A group of people of wealth and leisure are sailing in a yacht across the Pacific. The steward (Louis Wolheim) hates these elegants with a deep envy bordering on madness. He has what is called a "king complex"—one of the first instances in which the vocabulary of psychoanalysis has leaked into the talkies. A storm arises, strips the yacht of its masts, and the steward is able to lead a mutiny and grab control of the boat, and of the exquisites as well. At this point, however, the story goes to pieces. The situation, perhaps, is too ambitious for the screen. It becomes ridiculous, and the crisis altogether misses fire, when the fastidious heroine taunts the brutal steward with his mania, and tells him to look in the mirror. After one long look at himself, this primitive character simply turns about and throws himself overboard to the sharks. The audience, I regret to say, laughs.

BILLIE DOVE is portraying the problems of the wife in an "artistic" marriage, a marriage with a genius—in this case a violinist. The picture follows strictly the routine of these stories: His poverty. His struggle. His success. The other woman. The reconciliation. The "understanding." It is called "The Cuckoos"—no, that is another picture. It is called "A Notorious Affair." "The Cuckoos" is a musical thing at the Globe, adapted from "The Ramblers," and succeeds in being so silly as to be at times funny.

ALTHOUGH the hero reforms, regeneration generally making a soppy picture, I preferred "Double Crossroads" to any of these. It's merely a very ordinary underworld movie, but I should say that it had its moments. It has more moments than the latest African film, "Stampede," at the Cameo, with an all-star cast from the Habbania tribe. Miss Fatma Idam is the leading lady of this study of life in the Sudan, and I understand that she made a very good marriage as a result of her appearance in pictures—has become, indeed, the second, if not the first, wife of a prominent chieftain.

—J. C. M.

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RECENT BOOKS

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MR. STEPHEN HUDSON has rather foolishly called his novel "A True Story," which suggests something in the Macfadden manner rather than a work in the post-Henry James style. His is at once a pleasurable and annoying book; pleasurable because of the quality of its style, the depth of the author's perceptions, and the integrity of its story. It is annoying because of some of its virtues, because Mr. Hudson so skittishly fears simple story-telling. He does at all costs—and sometimes he pays the price of tediousness—tell his story indirectly; he does, with great care, shun the sharp surprise of drama. When, however, he is trapped into what is known as a situation, he carries it off very well.

This, then, is a true story in that the present is always futile and trivial while the past is fraught with memories and the future is momentous. Mr. Hudson's book concerns an English boy, born into one of those mixed families, so often found in England, that have their roots on the Continent. Young Kurt is reared as an Englishman, in the Victorian atmosphere, but his heritage is Continental. He marries an American woman, and Mr. Hudson's telling of this sordid romance is quite the best thing in the book. It is as bitter a piece of social irony as the unhappy marriage in Edith Wharton's "A Custom of the Country." I do not know why it should be so, but a sensitive man sacrificed at the altar is always a more piteous figure to me than a martyred maiden.

Much of the rest of the novel, with its subtle observations of national manners and morals, is told by the reflected light of the unhappy American romance. Like his distinguished forerunners, Messrs. Turgenev and James and Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Hudson writes a tragedy of the *déraciné*, of the man whose life is, as it were, perpetually spent in a boarding school where all languages are spoken but his own.

ANOTHER international story is told in "The Selbys," but Anne Green, writing of Americans in Paris, presents her tale in a comic, almost flippant vein. It is an amusing book; a light but sharp story of a Southern Daisy Miller in Paris that loses nothing for being presented in unprofessional style. The Selbys themselves are an elderly American couple who have become more French than the French. They befriend a young niece who gives up the banana splits and the gay dalliance of her native South to acquire a taste for French breakfasts and a coterie of dubious beaux.

The book is lively with descriptions of the sort of French homes into which, as the legend goes, Americans never penetrate. The curious conservatism and the odd, almost small-town gaiety of a certain section of Paris are wittily captured. The heroine herself is as entertaining as some light, friendly cartoon. She is drawn in a merry mood but she is none the less convincing.

SPEAKING of the tragedy of transplanted souls, there is "North of Suez," by William McFee, which I, for one, enjoyed so much that it seems unnecessary to say more than that it is a swell book. Stephen Mumford, a shipping man, holds an official position at Port Said, which is the Cicero, Illinois, of the Near East. What happens to an Anglo-Saxon when ensnared by Oriental intrigue is well known; and what happens to an English wife when she is put into competition with, say, a Greek charmer, is even better known. However, Mr. McFee's story, for all this familiar outline, is a gorgeously colored melodrama, and it has, underneath its swift-moving narrative, an artful and accurate grasp of life. Moreover the external events in any of this writer's stories are always persuasive; they have the air of reality.

Those who bemoan the fact that there has been really no good stuff of this sort since the early Kipling are hereby advised to read "North of Suez."

"LONG HUNT" is another book of the pioneer South, which has entirely supplanted New England and the Far West as a literary stamping-ground. The merits of Mr. James Boyd's work are obvious; he writes about faraway ancestors as though they were well-remembered grandparents. They are-

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n't romantic and remote but clear, human figures whose speech falls familiarly on our ears. The trapper of "Long Hunt" is an unhappy woodsman who flies from the comforts of love and civilization to the uncertainties of frontier liquor and melodrama. He prefers, in short, a masculine world with its fantastic hopes and gentle memories to the safety and monotony of feminine companionship.

Mr. Boyd writes beautifully of untamed places; he does, literally, catch the smell of wild settlements newly snatched from the wilderness, and he is, of course, an expert in early-American talk. In "Long Hunt" you will find him making clever use of the Southern idiom which Mark Twain first introduced into national speech.

MY interest in Chicago politics, except in its wilder aspects, being negligible, I had rather a dreary time with "Hizzoner Big Bill Thompson."

John Bright, Mr. Thompson's biographer, sees Big Bill as an American phenomenon and he surveys him always with kindness and sometimes with admiration. In its political phases, much of Big Bill's career is not so pretty, but Mr. Bright reminds us that Big Bill in a cowboy hat is a seemlier figure than Calvin Coolidge in Indian feathers. Nevertheless Thompson, to me, does not seem a stirring figure for a biography, although fifty years from now he may be accurately gauged and fitted into his proper place in the national panorama. —A. W. S.

YOU probably have gone through life without being conscious of any great interest in the poet William Cowper, but don't let that keep you from reading about him in Lord David Cecil's biography, "The Stricken Deer." In spite of the fact that we have always had a tender spot in our heart for his stern though touching lines:

I would not number in my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm

more competent authorities seem to feel that as a poet he never really achieved first rank. As a man, however, he offers better material to the biographer than half a dozen humdrum world-conquerors or discoverers of new continents. Lord David has taken full advantage of his opportunity and the result is a convincing, moving portrait of a person of unusual sensitiveness, intellect, and charm. Cowper's periods of madness, melancholia, and religious mania are not only described but are psychologically accounted for without the slightest trace of buncombe. His friends, notably Mary Unwin, whose devotion practically kept him alive for years, are so successfully realized that the quiet, rustic eighteenth-century English milieu which they represent is brought vividly to life. The story's essential tragedy is relieved by natural human touches and excellent descriptions; from it all Cowper emerges as a real person. In short, this is model biography—devoid of guesswork but not pedantic, enthusiastic without being romanticized.

SO much cannot be said for J. Lewis May's "George Eliot." In fact the best that can be said is that it contains a respectable amount of doubtless incontrovertible fact and a great deal of highly controvertible criticism.

CHARLES A. BEARD, who, aided and abetted by Emil Ludwig, Carl Van Doren, John Dewey, and several others, led the charge in "Whither Mankind," has just appeared at the head of another little band of serious thinkers, the offering this time being entitled "Toward Civilization." The phases of civilization under discussion include science, invention, power, transportation, communication, industry, agriculture, work, and leisure, and the discussers are mostly men who are authorities in their fields but comparatively unknown to the reading public. The idea is to answer the alarming question, "Is modern life a jangle and a confusion or the prelude to a stronger and truer existence—a civilization?" Personally we have always had a strong leaning toward the jangle-and-confusion theory, but the cheery observations of these fifteen men of science have given our habitual pessimism a severe setback. The article we enjoyed most was a defence of the machine as an aid to culture, by Harvey N. Davis, who is president of the Stevens Institute of Technology. Mr. Davis thinks that a certain type of individual derives immense cultural benefit from spending eight hours a day driving in identical bolts.

HEALTH, one of the few aspects of human life not specifically gone into by Mr. Beard and his cohorts, receives almost more than its due in "Post Mortems of Mere Mortals," by C. MacLaurin. Dr. MacLaurin was an Australian surgeon who amused himself by accounting for the deeds of various famous people by diagnosing their physical ills. Thus he interprets Luther in terms of gout, Charles I in terms of stammering, and delves into the less-mentionable defects of many others, including Joan of Arc, Henry VIII, Dr. Johnson, Napoleon, Nietzsche, and Ivan the Terrible. It's interesting reading, and shows you how the course of civilization may be changed by a liver, but if you're at all squeamish leave it alone. Try Laura Benét's "Goods and Chattels" instead —twelve slight but well-written stories that are full of fairly unobjectionable charm.

If you're not squeamish, however, go right ahead and read "Youth in Hell," by Albert Bein. This is a story of life in a reformatory, and the title is no misnomer. Mr. Bein was in a reformatory himself, and he doesn't look back at his alma mater through rose-colored spectacles. As an exposé of viciousness and stupidity (on the part of the "reformers") this book is in a class by itself.

NOW for the war books. "Flight Without End," by Joseph Roth, may not strictly belong in this category; the action doesn't begin until 1919, but the lack of stability which is the hero's outstanding characteristic is certainly a product of the war. Mr. Roth has a nice sense of humor. "Three Men's War" consists, curiously enough, of the personal records of three men, R. H. Mottram, John Easton, and Eric Partridge, all of whom served in the British army. Mr. Mottram's paper is the most revealing; it draws conclusions and presents facts as well, the general idea being that there is

nothing romantic or courageous about modern war.

This idea is supported, directly or by implication, in the other war books just published: "Gallipoli Memories," by Compton Mackenzie; "Show Me Death!" by W. Redvers Dent; "War Nurse" (anonymous and pretty bad); "Stepdaughters of War," by Helen Zenna Smith; and "A Generation Missing," by Carroll Carstairs. The last two are the best. Miss Smith, who was a nurse, writes savagely—and convincingly—of the terrible things she saw, while Mr. Carstairs, who was a mere soldier, discusses, in addition, the lighter moments of a Paris leave.

—G. H.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

A True Story, by Stephen Hudson (*Knopf*). Excellently written story of an uprooted soul. In the Edith Wharton manner.

Long Hunt, by James Boyd (*Scribner*). Why men go pioneering. Engrossing tale of Southern frontier life.

North of Suez, by William McFee (*Doubleday, Doran*). As good a novel of adventure as you can find.

The Selbys, by Anne Green (*Dutton*). Lively account of a Southern Daisy Miller in Paris.

Stepdaughters of War, by Helen Zenna Smith (*Dutton*). Bitter, convincing description of war as seen through the eyes of an ambulance driver. Not written for sentimentalists.

A Generation Missing, by Carroll Carstairs (*Doubleday, Doran*). The lighter as well as the more tragic side of war recorded by a soldier who stayed at the Ritz when on leave.

Rogue Herries, by Hugh Walpole (*Doubleday, Doran*). Romantic story laid in the period of Queen Anne with a hero that is a hero.

The Immoralist, by André Gide (*Knopf*). Subtle analysis of a strange marriage.

The Ant Heap, by Edward Knoblock (*Minton, Balch*). A dramatist turns novelist with uncertain success.

Grim Youth, by John Held, Jr. (*Vanguard*). Ten satiric tales of collegiate life, illustrated by the author.

Coonardoo, by Katherine Susannah Prichard (*Norton*). Well written novel of pioneer life in Australia.

Four Infantrymen, by Ernst Johannsen (*King*). Character study of four German soldiers during the summer of 1918. Intelligent and sincere.

Dandelion Days, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). Unusually fine novel of schoolboy life in rural England. Written with charm and humor.

The Seventh Gate, by Muriel Harris (*Harper*). A novel with an amusing and original idea: the story of a psychoanalytical Trilby.

Gallows' Orchard, by Claire Spencer (*Cape & Smith*). A distinguished first novel that deserves your attention—beautifully told tragedy of Scottish village life.

Bystander, by Maxim Gorki, translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney (*Cape & Smith*). A novel of the revolution of the individual soul that will probably rank with the best of Tolstoi and Dostoievski.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber (*Doubleday, Doran*). Colorful, cinematic novel of pioneer days in Oklahoma. Recommended with pleasure.

The Party Dress, by Joseph Hergesheimer (*Knopf*). Sex in a country club, and another good reason why women go wrong.

Vile Bodies, by Evelyn Waugh (*Cape & Smith*). Celestial satire for the intelligent.

Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys, by Roark Bradford (*Harper*). Old Testament stories interpreted by a Negro preacher. To be read after seeing "The Green Pastures."

The 42nd Parallel, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). Cross-section of American life, brilliantly written and beautifully constructed. An important achievement.

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (*Viking*). Life, with a background of old Kentucky.

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder (*A. & C. Boni*). For those who like Thornton Wilder.

Mysteries

Murder in the State Department, by "Diplomat" (*Cape & Smith*). . . . The Hollywood Murder Mystery, by Herbert Crooker (*Macaulay*). . . . The Seven Stabs, by John Cameron (*Crime Club*). . . . Mystery Mile, by Margery Allingham (*Crime Club*). . . . The Green Complex, by Harold MacGrath (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . The Crooked Eye, by Katharine Virden (*Crime Club*). . . . The Berkshire Mystery, by G. H. D. and M. Cole (*Brewer & Warren*) . . . . The Wychford Poisoning Case, by Anthony Berkeley (*Crime Club*). . . . The Gloyne Murder, by Carl Clausen (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . Death Traps, by Kay Cleaver Strahan (*Crime Club*). . . . Through the Eyes of the Judge, by Bruce Graeme (*Lippincott*). . . . The House of the Vanishing Goblets, by The Eddingtons (*Century*). . . . The Avenging Parrot, by Anne Austin (*Greenberg*). . . . The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Farrar & Rinehart*).

General

The Stricken Deer: the Life of Cowper, by David Cecil (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The eighteenth-century poet brought to life in a model biography. Read it whether you care about Cowper or not.

Toward Civilization, edited by Charles A. Beard (*Longmans, Green*). Fifteen men of science defend the machine age as an aid to culture.

Hizzoner Big Bill Thompson, by John Bright (*Cape & Smith*). A friendly view of the ex-Mayor of Chicago, with con-

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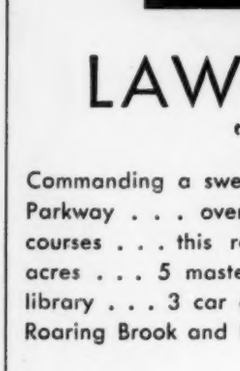

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•

The Holy Angels Alumnae will hold a bridge and tea at the Plaza on next Saturday at 2 o'clock.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Together with the King of Babylon and party of five?

A CONVERT TO EQUITATION

YOU know, George, you don't take enough exercise, that's what's the matter with you. Gosh! I think how I was a year ago and then think how I am today—two different people. You know why I feel better than ever, even if I had the hardest fiscal year in my business? . . . Well, I tell you, George, it was nothing but horseback-riding. That's what did it. Riding horseback.

It was around a year ago I went to the doctor. Nothing the matter with me. I mean I wasn't sick or anything, but I just didn't *feel* right. Didn't have the old pepper. Well, of course he looked me over, took all sorts of tests—at fifty bucks a test—and when he got finished with me he said the trouble with me was the same trouble with most successful American businessmen. They don't get time to play—they don't *take* time to play. They don't get out in the air enough and get the poisons out of their system. He said, "Mr. Hockaday, I'm going to charge you two hunnern fifty dollars to tell you something you already know. Now put on your hat and coat and come with me."

So I put on my hat and coat, and you know where he took me? To Abercrombie & Fitch's over here on Madison Avenya. Can you imagine that? He took me over there and took me right to the place where they sell riding clothes and he said to the fella that waited on us, "Jones (or whatever his name was)—Jones, here's another customer for you." So right then and there, before I had time to think, the clerk measured me for riding pants—breeches, and coat, and so forth.

Well, when we got through the doc said, "If I were you I'd buy a horse. You go out to Godfrey Preece (that's a horse dealer out on Long Island—Westbury) and you tell him I sent you. Tell him to sell you an aged hunter." Just like that. He said I might as well buy a horse because it was better than renting one. You're sure of getting the same horse all the time, and the horse gets to know you and so on.

WELL, that's how it all started. I paid seven hunnern fifty bucks for Lady Belle, my horse, and began taking lessons. The doc said to start easy, on account of a lot of unused muscles that had to get accustomed to riding. "There's such a thing as too much of a good thing," the doc used to say. Well sir, you wouldn't believe there was so much to learn. The plugs I rode when I was in the army, all I thought of was staying *on* them, which I managed to do most of the time. But do you know, George, it was two weeks before the instructor—an Irish fella right from Dublin, Ireland—before he'd let me move a step with the horse?

Gosh! All the fine points there are to getting on a horse. Mounting. I do it automatically now and never think about it. But there's a certain way to hold the reins in your right hand, and a certain place to put the heel of your hand on your saddle, and a certain time to put your foot in the sturp, and a certain way to do everything. And if you don't do every one of them right, the horse can tell you don't know how to ride, and sooner or later you may have trouble. Horses—boy, horses certainly are intelligent, the way they can size a man up as soon as he tries to mount. You wouldn't *b'lieve* it the details you have to master before you can say you can ride.

WELL sir, I went three times a week for instruction, and after a while the instructor and I would ride together. We got to be great friends. In fact last Christmas I sent him a twenny-dollar bill and he sent me a card. But what I wanted to say was there are two ways of riding. You see people on horses and you think they all ride the same. But they don't, George, they cert'n'y do not. You see some people when their horses trot, they go up, and down, up, and down, slowly. That's called posting. In the army the cavalry just seem to bounce along. You know why that is? It's the quality of the horses. A real horse with good blood in him—or her, if it happens to be a mare like Lady Belle—has the kind of a long trot that you have to post to. But those army nags have a fast little trot, like a jog sort of, and you can't hardly post to it. You'll find that the best horsemen, the ones you see at horse shows, ride the way I do. Post to the trot, that's the dope.

But I kept on taking lessons even after I could ride pretty well, because when I do a thing I want to do it right or not at all. And even that Irishman was surprised how I picked it up. He said I had a good hand and seat, which is hoff the bottle, as he said in that brogue of his. You ought to see Lady Belle and I, how we work together. I can just seem to be sitting there, without touching the reins, and make her turn to right or left, any way I please. I do it with my knees, of course. Finest sport in the world, riding, but as old Pat said, you have to have a love of horses born in you or you don't get nowhere at all. I ride every day now. Of course I don't ride when the weather's too bad, like a couple days in the wintertime, but if it's only a light rain you see me out there at ha' pass seven every morning. When the kids are home from school I rent horses for them, but I can't seem to get Emily on a horse. "Wouldn't I look fine?" she says. Well, it's all right for her. She can play golf when she wants to, but give me a horse any time. I haven't played golf morn five times this year.

So that's why I look and feel the way I do. Nothing like it, George. And you figure it all out and it don't cost much morn a season of golf. I'll save you a doctor bill right now, George. You buy a horse and learn to ride, and you'll see how much better you feel. But I wouldn't sell you Lady Belle. No *sir!*

—JOHN O'HARA

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Mrs. Alfred Knopf, of New New York, is a guest of the Bon Air Vanderbilt. She is the wife of the publisher, who besides printing many books, and is also the publisher of the "American Mercury," a well-known magazine, with a green cover, which is read by sophisticates, although it was not the American Mercury who advertised that their magazine was "for sophisticates," and not to be read "by the Old Lady from Dubuque," as did the "New Yorker," as of course every one knows, so the New York Times columnist printed a letter from some one he claimed to be "The Old Lady from Dubuque" who, so said the Times columnist: "I am sorry they will not let me read their New Yorker, for it's just the sort of stuff I used to write when I wrote our High School paper."

But, as stated this does not refer to Mr. Knopf's "American Mercury," though his magazine is also read by sophisticates.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Life.*

Anyway, Mrs. Knopf is at the Bon Air Vanderbilt.

OUT OF TOWN

Castles for Rent—North Cape—Floating Night Club

IF you like old castles, you will find it surprisingly easy to rent one for the summer, ghosts and all. May is the month when lots of noble European families put desirable places on the real-estate mart, and by keeping your eyes open you may pick up a bargain. One of the oldest ancestral demesnes in the world, Raxa, in the Balearic Isles, is being offered for the season by its American owner. It will cost the tenant $1,000 a month, which includes servants, furniture, silver, and such intangible assets as feudal prestige and a superb view over the Mediterranean. Despite the fact that it was built by the Moors some centuries ago, Raxa has complete modern plumbing fixtures and an up-to-date cook. Three reservoirs, one of which may be used as a swimming pool, and gardens as exotic as the Alhambra, are other attractions.

Castello de Urio, a great medieval dwelling on Lake Como; and Isola Madre, an island property in Lake Maggiore belonging to Prince Giberto Borromeo, are among a score of magnificent Continental homes that may be rented at this time. England and Scotland, of course, are full of "halls" and "country seats" which you can occasionally lease at surprisingly low rates—all things considered. Most of these places average from about $2,500 for a two-month rental to $3,000 for three months. Many boast turrets, owls, moats, and drawbridges, while others rely for effect on a well-stocked cellar or the legend of the pink lady who drowned in the carp pond. For more details, ask Mr. Loyall Sewall, at 578 Madison Avenue. (His phone number is Plaza 6531.)

PERHAPS, however, you aren't interested in a castle, in which case don't forget that Europe has many lesser manoirs and villas, obtainable at rents more reasonable than some of our domestic "cottages." Should you prefer wilder waves than are found on the Italian lakes, and something less grand than a centuries-old palace, I suggest the Brittany coast as a delightful place to spend the summer. You ought to be able to get a villa without any trouble at a maximum cost of from $400 to $600 for the season, *i.e.*, about three months. The latter figure will rent a large villa (*kers* they are called in Brittany) with salon, dining-room, *fumoir*, six master bedrooms equipped with running water, and servants' quarters. A villa usually has only one bathroom, bathing facilities in this region still being more or less limited; but of course you always have the ocean. Bath-cabins on the beach (quaint-looking and comfortable, except for the wet sand) may be hired for about $18 a season.

The servant problem is almost non-existent in Brittany. Arrangements for hiring maids, cooks, gardeners, and butlers are handled by Breton real-estate operators, who are thoroughly familiar with local conditions and requirements. A cook's wages average $12 a month, and a maid receives about $8. The charmingly walled-in garden of your *ker* is cared for daily by a Breton peasant whose gratuity is purely nominal. Furthermore, firing, as well as hiring, is done by the real-estate agent. When you want to change a servant you simply advise the agent and await results.

Life is placid in Brittany, despite foreign innovations like golf knickers, which the pious Bretons still regard with misgiving. The best sports are swimming, tennis, and golf. To join a local tennis club (that at St. Briac is especially good) costs you about $4 a month, and the privileges of splendid golf links amount to a like sum. Casinos, of course, are the same the world over, and you may win or lose as much in Dinard as in Monte Carlo. Gala nights, by the way, are especially gay affairs at Dinard.

ANOTHER word about fishing: In the Adirondacks, many persons consider May the ideal month for trout, and although the New York State trout-fishing season officially opened April 5, excursions to those mountains and to the Catskills are really just beginning. By leaving Grand Central Terminal at 6:30 o'clock in the evening, you can be in the Adirondacks by daylight and drop off at any of a dozen stations which are convenient to good streams. You should arrange in advance to have a car meet the train. The best procedure is to have a driver who is a fishing devotee take you to the desirable places. When the car has gone to the utmost limit up some forgotten lumber road, he will lead you on foot to the banks of a secluded stream.

THE Hamburg-American ship Reliance is going this summer on a North Cape-Scandinavia-Iceland-Soviet Russia cruise. There is nothing simple about getting into Soviet Russia, in spite of what you hear, so it is just as well to let the cruise officials handle the details for you. This trip begins June 28, when the Reliance sails from New York, and lasts thirty-six days, with the privilege of a stopover in Hamburg. Return passage on any ship of the Hamburg-American Line sailing before December 31 is included in the $800 fare. Consult the steamship company or a travel agent.

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB, of course, are conducting their usual North Cape cruises in June, and they include Soviet Russia this year. Two days each in Leningrad and Moscow are scheduled as part of the regular program, travel between these two cities being made in special sleeping cars. As in previous years, this cruise will follow the comfortable Gulf Stream route to Iceland. Passengers sail on the Carinthia of the Cunard Line on June 24, and are privileged to return on any Cunard steamer up to December 31. The cruise lasts forty-one days.

IN connection with steamers, the most striking feature of transatlantic service which I've seen recently is the Club Leviathan, the new night club on board the Leviathan. This bizarre but interesting room is remarkable both for its lighting effects and its ultra-modern scheme of decoration. Nine reflectors above the dance floor throw various colors of light on the dancers, so you imagine yourself under a deep-blue sky or bathed in gray moonlight at the fancy of the musicians. The ceiling is light blue with a touch of silver, and the walls are gold cloth and mirrors. Tables of bright lacquered red, and orange-brown carpets along the sides of the room complete the picture. It's a bit dazzling, but effective. Mr. Eugene Schoen, the creator and architect of the Club Leviathan, deserves the appreciation usually reserved (mistakenly, I think) for Paris cabarets. —G. A.

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Few lives of a half century's length have been so crowded with experiences, with triumphs and defeats. He has been twice married.—*Publisher's blurb about Sherwood Anderson.*

Oh.

DINING OUT

"WELL, where do you want to go for dinner?"

"Any place suits me."

"Haven't you any suggestions?"

"You want to go to Gustave's?"

"What, German cooking again! We were there only last week."

"Then how about Mario's?"

"Oh, really, dear, I can't eat all that food. I don't feel like a table d'hôte dinner tonight. Do you?"

"I'm not very hungry. The only reason I mentioned Mario's is because you wanted me to suggest some place."

"Can't you think of something else?"

"Well, how about the Pigalle?"

"That's too ritzy. We couldn't go there because I'm not dressed for it. It's too ritzy."

"What difference does it make? You want to eat, don't you?"

"I know, dear, but we can't go in dressed the way I am. If I had known about the Pigalle I would have worn that new dress."

"What difference does it make?"

"Can't you think of some other place?"

"No, I can't. You asked me for some suggestions, and I made them. You don't want to eat at Gustave's because we were there last week; you don't want to go to Mario's because of all that food; you don't want to go to the Pigalle because it's too ritzy. Well, suppose you make up *your* mind where you want to eat."

"I told you that any place suits me."

"Any place doesn't suit you. I mentioned three and they didn't suit you."

"DON'T raise your voice that way. Do you want to make a scene on the street?"

"I wasn't raising my voice. I was simply saying that any place doesn't suit you. You said you didn't care where we ate and when I mentioned several places you didn't want to go there."

"Oh, I don't give a damn where we go. Let's go eat."

"Where?"

"Well, you want to go to the Hotel Crystal?"

"All right, we'll go to the Hotel Crystal. Let's get a cab."

"Wait. Isn't that another table d'hôte place?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Well, if we go to a table d'hôte place we might as well go to Mario's. Mario's is in the neighborhood and the food isn't half as expensive as the Crystal."

"I thought you didn't want to go to Mario's. For Heaven's sakes, Elsa, can't you make up your mind?"

"OH, lower your voice. You don't have to shout at me, do you? You'd think you were undergoing some sort of agony—"

"I am undergoing some sort of agony. We eat out once a week and we go through this damn thing every Sunday night. Can you imagine what we'd have to go through if we had to eat out every night?"

"How about Freddy's? We can get something to drink at Freddy's."

"All right, let's go to Freddy's. Only it's so damn gloomy there it depresses me."

"Can you beat that? I suggest a place and immediately your mind is made up not to go. Gloomy. That's a silly excuse."

"It isn't a silly excuse. I'm perfectly willing to go there. All I said was that the place depresses me. Is there anything wrong with me just because that damn place depresses me? I suppose you've never been depressed by places. But I don't care. I'm willing to go to Freddy's."

"Sure you're willing to go. You're willing to have me sit there throughout that dinner and feel that I've dragged you there against your will. That's what you're willing to do."

"Listen, baby. Can't we have a simple dinner without all this wrangling? We've walked five blocks now and we still don't know where to go. I'll eat at any place you say."

"Well, I don't care. We've discussed it so much I've lost all appetite."

"Well, what do you say?"

"I don't know. Childs?"

"Childs. That's fine. All right, we'll go to Childs."

"Well, that's settled. Although I can't see what's so enlivening about Childs if you think Freddy's is gloomy. I think Childs is the most depressing—"

"Well, for God's sakes, let's not go to Childs. I don't give a hoot where we go. I'd be satisfied to go to any delicatessen and order a sandwich. I'd be satisfied with a bag of peanuts. If only I don't have to go through this damn business—"

"George. George. For Heaven's sakes, are you mad? George, stop shouting. Stop shouting. Will you keep quiet? The people are staring at us."

—ARTHUR KOBER

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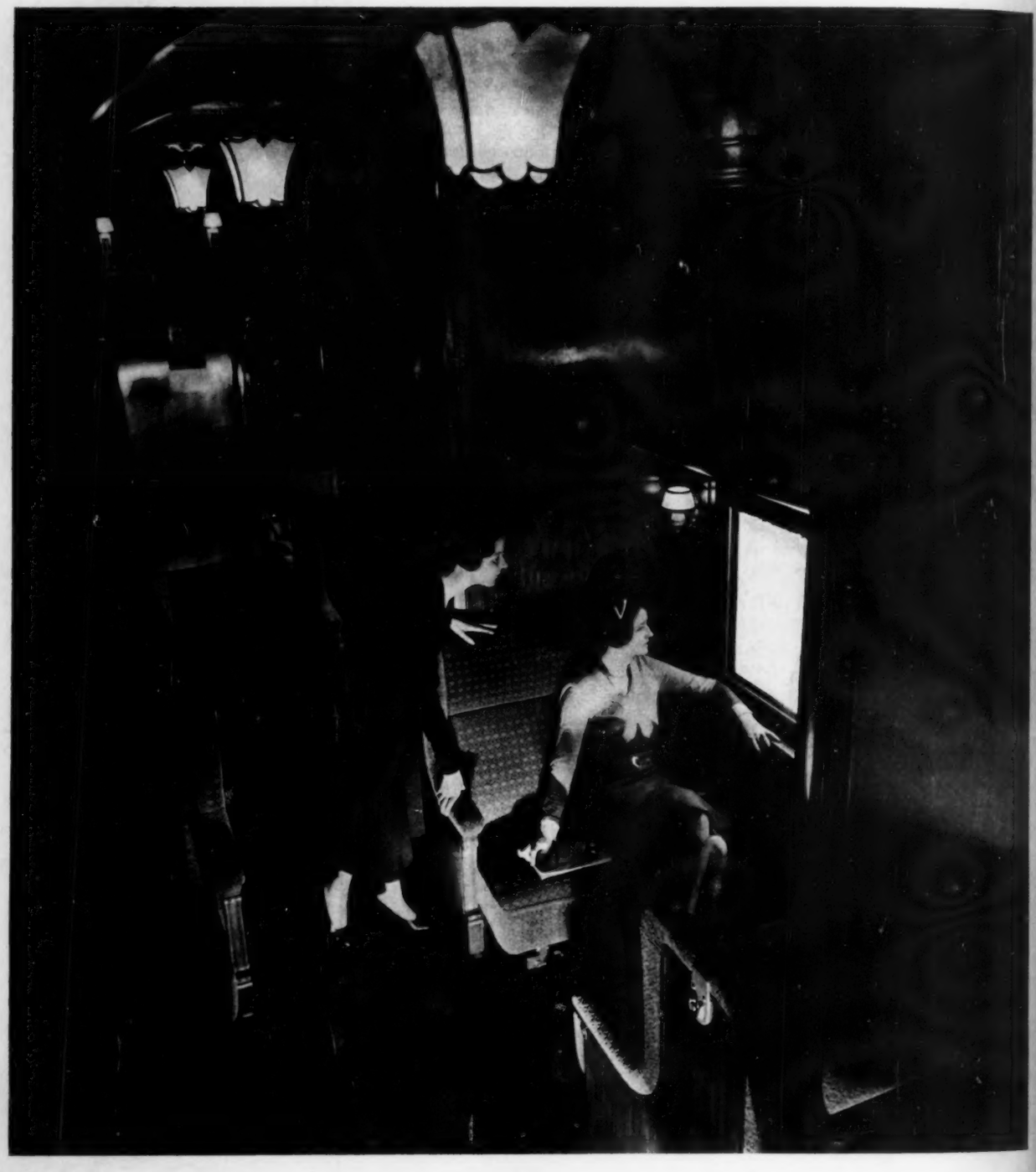

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